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A
POCKET
HYMN-BOOK,

DESIGNED AS

A Constant Companion

FOR THE

P I O U S.

COLLECTED FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

THE TWENTY-FIRST EDITION.

PSALM civ. 33.

I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD AS LONG AS I LIVE;
I WILL SING PRAISES UNTO MY GOD
WHILE I HAVE MY BEING.

P H I L A D E L P H I A:

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1797.

[Price Half a Dollar.]



TO THE

MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

OF THE

Methodist-Episcopal Church.

DEAR BRETHREN,

YOU are presented with a choice and complete POCKET HYMN-BOOK, containing a collection fitted for private devotion (when you would wish to speak to yourselves in Hymns and Spiritual Songs) as well as for family, social, and public worship: and as we intend to keep a constant supply, the general cry of our congregations, "that they cannot procure Hymn-Books," will be stopped, and we trust you will be much assisted by the present publication, in the performance of these important parts of divine service.

The Hymn-Books which have been already published among us, are truly excellent. The Select Hymns, the double collection of Hymns and Psalms, and the Redemption-Hymns, display great spirituality, as well as purity of diction. The large Congregational Hymn-Book is admirable indeed, but is too expensive for the poor, who have little time

and less money. The Pocket Hymn-Book lately sent abroad in these States, is a most valuable performance for those who are deeply spiritual, but is better suited to the European Methodists, among whom all the before-mentioned books have been thoroughly circulated for many years. But all the excellencies of the former publications are in a great measure concentrated in the present, which contains the choicest and most precious of the Hymns that are to be found in the former editions. and at the same time is so portable, that you may always carry it with you without the least inconvenience.

We are the more delighted with this design, as no personal advantage is concerned, but the public good alone. For after the necessary expenses of printing and binding are discharged, we shall make it a noble charity by applying the profits arising therefrom, to religious and charitable purposes.

No motive of a sinister nature has therefore influenced us in any degree to publish this excellent compilation. It has received the approbation of the Conferences, and contains many valuable Hymns which some of the former editions did not. As the profits of the former editions have been scrupulously applied as above, so the same appropriation of the profits of the present shall be conscientiously observed. We must therefore earnestly entreat you, if you have any respect for the authority of the Conference, or of us, or any regard for the prosperity of the Connection, to purchase no Hymn-Books, but what are signed with the names of your two Bishops.

We exhort you to sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also: and thus may the high praises of G O D be set up from East to West, from North to South; and we shall be happily instrumental in leading the devotion of thousands, and shall rejoice to join you in time and eternity.

We are,

Dear Brethren,

Your faithful Pastors in Christ,

Thomas Coke,

Francis Asbury.



P O C K E T

H Y M N - B O O K.



AWAKENING AND INVITING.

H Y M N I. C. M. *Leeds.*

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise !
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

2 My gracious Master and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread through all the earth abroad
 The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease :
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
 'Tis life and health and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
 He sets the pris'ner free ;
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;
 His blood avail'd for me.

5 Look unto him, ye nations, own
 Your God, ye fallen race ;
 Look, and be sav'd though faith alone,
 Be justify'd by grace !

6 See all your sins on Jesus laid !

The Lamb of God was slain,

His soul was once an off'ring made,

For every soul of man.

7 With me your chief, ye then shall know,

Shall feel your sins forgiv'n ;

Anticipate your heav'n below,

And own that love is heaven.

H Y M N II. *Epworth.*

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,

Weak and wounded, sick and sore,

Jesus ready stands to save you,

Full of pity, love, and pow'r ;

He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,

God's free bounty glorify ;

True belief, and true repentance,

Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh,

Without money

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,

Nor of fitness fondly dream :

All the fitness he requireth,

Is to feel your need of him ;

This he gives you,

'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden'd,

Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,

If you tarry till you're better,

You will never come at all ;

Not the righteous,

Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo ! your Maker prostrate lies !
 On the bloody tree behold him !
 Hear him cry before he dies,
 " It is finish'd !"
 Sinners, will not this suffice ?

6 Lo ! the incarnate God ascending,
 Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 Venture on him, venture freely,
 Let no other trust intrude ;
 None but Jesus
 Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
 Sing the praises of the Lamb,
 While the blissful seats of heav'n,
 Sweetly echo with his name,
 Hallelujah !
 Sinners here may do the same.

H Y M N III. L. M. *Invitation.*

1 COME, sinners, to the gospel-feast ;
 Let every soul be Jesu's guest ;
 Ye need not one be left behind ;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
 The invitation is to all ;
 Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
 All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppres'd,
 Ye restless wand'lers after rest ;
 Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
 In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive ;
 Ye all may come to Christ and live ;
 O let his love your hearts constrain,
 Nor suffer him to die in vain !

5 His love is mighty to compel :
 His conq'ring love consent to feel ;
 Yield to his love's resistless power,
 And fight against your God no more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice !
 His offer'd benefits embrace,
 And freely now be fav'd by grace !

7 This is the time ; no more delay !
 This is the acceptable day :
 Come in, this moment, at his call,
 And live for him who dy'd for all !

H Y M N IV. *Foundery.*

Why will ye die ? O house of Israel !
 Ezek. xvi. 31.

1 **S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Maker, asks you why ?
 God, who did your being give,
 Made you with himself to live ;
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of his own hands ;
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why,
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, your Saviour, asks you why :
 God, who did your souls retrieve,
 Dy'd himself, that you might live.

Will you let him die in vain ?
 Crucify your Lord again ?
 Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why,
 Will you slight his grace, and die ?

3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
 God, the Spirit, asks you why,
 He, who all your lives hath strove,
 Woo'd you to embrace his love :
 Will you not the grace receive ?
 Will you still refuse to live ?
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why,
 Will you grieve your God, and die ?

4 Dead, already dead within,
 Spiritually dead in sin,
 Dead to God, while here you breathe,
 Pant you after second death ?
 Will you still in sin remain,
 Greedy of eternal pain ?
 O, ye dying sinners, why,
 Why will you for ever die ?

HYMN V. L. M. *Invitation.*

1 **S**INNERS, obey the gospel word !
 Haste to the supper of my Lord ;
 Be wise to know your gracious day ;
 All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own,
 And kiss his late-returning son ;
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 Just now the stony to remove ;

1 T' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate ;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Are ready with their shining host :
All heav'n is ready to resound,
“ The dead's alive ! the lost is found ! ”

6 Come then, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to paradise restor'd :
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

H Y M N VI. *Fetter-Lane.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in funder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
“ Receive my soul ! ” he cries ;
See, where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN VII. *Wesl.*

1 **G** Love divine! what hast thou done!
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace!
Come see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say was ever grief like his!
Come feel with me his blood apply'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesu's blood:
Pardon for all flows from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

4 Then let us fit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside,
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

HYMN VIII. C. M.

1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As days and months increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave :
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'lling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings !

6 Infinite joy or endless wo,
 Depends on ev'ry breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road ;
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found in God !

H Y M N IX. C. M.

1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought ;

My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought !

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear ?

4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament,
And early with repentant tears,
Eternal wo prevent.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
To give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

H Y M N X. S. M.

AND am I born to die ?
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown ?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought ;
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or wo
Must then my portion be !

Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,
 I from my grave must rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
 And see the flaming skies !

3 How shall I leave my tomb !
 With triumph or regret ?
 A fearful or a joyful doom,
 A curse or blessing meet ?
 Will angel-bands convey
 Their brother to the bar ?
 Or devils drag my soul away
 To meet its sentence there ?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast ?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest ?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell :
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else depart to hell.

5 O thou that wouldest not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who dy'dst thyself, my soul to save
 From endless misery !
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

6 Thou art thyself the way,
 Thyself in me reveal ;
 So shall I spend my life's short day
 Obedient to thy will ;

So shall I love my God,
 Because he first lov'd me,
 And praise thee in thy bright abode,
 To all eternity.

H Y M N XI. *Snowfield's.*

1 **A**ND am I only born to die ?
 And must I suddenly comply
 With nature's stern decree ?
 What after death for me remains ?
 Celestial joys, or hellish pains,
 To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,
 While God prolongs the kind reprieve,
 And props the house of clay ;
 My sole concern, my single care,
 To watch and tremble and prepare
 Against that fatal day !

3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
 If life so soon is gone ;
 If now the Judge is at the door,
 And all mankind must stand before
 Th' inexorable throne !

4 No matter which my thoughts employ,
 A moment's misery or joy :
 But oh ! when both shall end,
 Where shall I find my destin'd place ?
 Shall I my everlasting days
 With fiends or angels spend ?

5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies?

How make my own election sure,
And, when I fail on earth, secure
A mansion in the skies.

6 Jesus vouchsafe a pitying ray,
Be thou my guide, be thou my way
To glorious happiness!
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,
And whensoe'er I hence depart,
Let me depart in peace.

H Y M N XII. S. M.

1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our caution'd souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray;

2 To pray and wait the hour,
That awful hour unknown:
When rob'd in majesty and pow'r
Thou shalt from heaven come down:
Th' immortal Son of Man,
To judge the human race,
With all thy Father's dazzling train,
With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
Th' increase our gracious fears,

For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears,
 The solemn midnight cry,
 " Ye dead, the judge is come,
 " Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 " And meet your instant doom!"

+ O may we thus be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest,
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest !

H Y M N XIII. L. M.

- 1 **H**E comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe :
 The seventh trumpet speaks him near,
 His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
 How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heav'n angelic voices found,
 See the almighty Jesu crown'd !
 Girt with omnipotence and grace,
 And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Descending on his azure throne,
 He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
 The kingdoms all obey his word,
 And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High ;
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.

HYMN XIV. *Epworth.*

1 **L**O ! he comes with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train,
 Hallelujah !
God appears with man to reign.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 The dear tokens of his passion
Still his dazzling body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To his ransom'd worshippers ;
 With what rapture
Gaze we on those glorious scars !

4 Yea, Amen ! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne !
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own !
 Jah ! Jehovah !
Everlasting God, come down.

HYMN XV. *Trumpet-tune.*

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly soleinn sound,
Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Jefus our great High priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits rest,
 Ye mournful souls be glad ;
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jefus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesu's love.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace,
 And sav'd from earth appear
 Before your Saviour's face.
 The year of jubilee is come ;
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN XVI. C. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought ! shall I alone,
Who may be fav'd, shall I,
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die.
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive.
- 3 Shall I amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left, with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet !
- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,
Must I in torments dwell ?
And howl (while they sing hymns above)
And blow the flames of hell ?
- 5 Ah ! no ; I still may turn and live,
For still his wrath delays ;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,
From every sin depart,
Perform my oft-repeated vow,
And render him my heart.
- 7 I will improve what I receive,
The grace through Jesus given
Sure if with God on earth I live,
To live with God in heaven.

HYMN XVII. *Wood's.*

1 **T**HOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry :
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die !

2 **L**o ! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand
Secure, insensible ;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 **O** God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress ;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 **B**efore me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom ?

5 **B**e this my one great bus'ness here;
With serious industry and fear,
Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive
 Transported from this vale, to live
 And reign with thee above ;
 Where faith is sweetly lost in fight,
 And hope in full, supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.



PENITENTIAL.

HYMN XVIII. *Mourner's.*

1 FATHER of Lights, from whom proceeds,
 Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry :
 To thee I look, my heart prepare,
 Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee ;
 Thy eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say ;
 Thou seest my wants, for help they call,
 And ere I speak thou know'st them all.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
 Wayward, and impotent, and blind :
 Thou know'st how unsubdu'd my will,
 Averse to good, and prone to ill ;
 Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
 Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.

4 Fain would I know as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see ;
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan :

Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loath myself and sin.

5 Ah ! give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My total misery reveal ;
Ah ! give me, Lord (I still would say)
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
My business this, my only care,
My life, my ev'ry breath be pray'r,

H Y M N XIX. S. M.

O THAT I could repent !
O that I could believe !

Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
The rock in funder cleave !
Thou by the two-edg'd sword,
My soul and spirit part,

2 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.

Saviour, and Prince of Peace,
The double grace bestow,

Unloose the bands of wickedness,
And let the captive go :
Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove ;

3 Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.

For thy own mercy's sake
The cursed thing remove,

And into thy protection take
The prisoner of thy love ;
In ev'ry trying hour
Stand by my feeble soul,

And screen me from my nature's pow'r,
Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee :
 O might I now embrace
 Thy all-sufficient pow'r,
 And never more to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

H Y M N XX. *Calvary.*

1 JESU, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep ;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep :
 Let me be by grace restor'd,
 On me be all long-suffering shewn ;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart :
 Give what I have long implor'd,
 A portion of thy grief unknown :
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

3 For thine own compassion's sake,
 The gracious wonder show !
 Cast my sins behind thy back,
 And wash me white as snow :
 If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
 If I now myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
 And break my heart of stone.

4 See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die!
Life, and happiness, and love,
Drop from thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5 Look, as when thine eye pursu'd
The first apostate man,
Saw him welt'ring in his blood,
And bade him rise again:
Speak my paradise restor'd,
Redeem me by thy grace alone:
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

6 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father" (at the point to die,
My Saviour gasp'd) "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, "'tis done!"
O my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

H Y M N XXI.

L ET the world their beauties boast,
Their works of right'ousness;
I, a wretch, undone and lost,
Am freely sav'd by grace;
Other title I disclaim,
This, only this, is all my plea,
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus dy'd for me.

2 Happy they whose joys abound
 Like Jordan's swelling stream,
 Who their heav'n in Christ have found,
 And give the praise to him :
 Let them triumph in his name,
 Enjoy their full felicity ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !

3 Blest are they, entirely blest,
 Who can in him rejoice,
 Lean on his beloved breast,
 And hear the Bridegroom's voice ;
 Meanest follower of the Lamb,
 His steps I at a distance see ;
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !

4 Jesus thou for me hast dy'd,
 And thou in me shalt live ;
 I shall feel thy death apply'd,
 I shall thy life receive ;
 To bring fire on earth thou came,
 O that it now may kindled be !
 I the chief of sinners am,
 But Jesus dy'd for me !

H Y M N XXII. C. M.

1 **W**ITH glorious clouds encompass round
 Whom angels dimly see,
 Will the Unsearchable be found,
 Or God appear to me ?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
 Himself to worms impart ?
 Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
 And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design.
What meant the suff'ring Son of man?
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows heal,
That dear disfigur'd face.

6 Before my eyes of faith confess'd,
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
And wrap me in thy crimson vest,
And tell me all thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
Jehovah crucify'd!
And then the pard'ning God I know,
And feel the blood apply'd.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

H Y M N XXIII. *Mourner's.*

JESU, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor.
To me be all thy treasures giv'n,
The kingdom of an inward heav'n,

2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourners bleſt,
 And lo ! for thee I ever mourn :
I cannot, no, I will not rest,
 Till thou my only rest return ;
Till thou, the Prince of Peace, appear,
 And I receive the Comforter.

3 Where is the bleſſednesſe bestow'd
 On all that hunger after thee ?
I hunger now, I thirst for God !
 See, the poor fainting ſinner ſee,
And ſatisfy with endleſs peace,
 And fill me with thy right'ousneſſe.

4 Ah, Lord ? if thou art in that ſigh,
 Then hear thyſelf within me pray ;
Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,
 Mark what my lab'ring foul would ſay ;
Answer the deep unutter'd groan,
 And ſhew that thou and I are one.

5 Shine on thy work, diſperſe the gloom,
 Light in thy light I then shall ſee ;
Say to my foul, " Thy light is come,
 " Glory divine is riſ'n on thee :
" Thy warfare's paſt, thy mourning's o'er :
 " Look up, for thou ſhalt weep no more."

6 Lord, I believe thy promife ſure,
 And truſt thou wilt not long delay :
Hungry, and forrowful, and poor,
 Upon thy word myſelf I ſtay :
Into thine hands my all resign,
 And wait till all thou art is mine..

HYMN XXIV. C. M.

1 JESUS, if still thou art to-day
 As yesterday the same,
 Present to heal, in me display
 The virtue of thy name.

2 If still thou goest about to do
 Thy needy creatures good,
 On me, that I thy praise may show,
 Be all thy wonders show'd.

3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,
 Thy miracles repeat ;
 With pitying eyes behold me fall
 A leper at thy feet.

4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,
 I sink beneath my sin ;
 But if thou wilt, a gracious word
 Of thine can make me clean.

5 Thou feest me deaf to thy commands,
 Open, O Lord, my ear :
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,
 And lift them up in pray'r.

6 Silent (alas ! thou know'st how long)
 My voice I cannot raise ;
 But O ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,
 The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lame at the pool I still am found :
 Give and my strength employ ;
 Light as a hart I then shall bound,
 The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee,
 And dark I am within ;

The love of God I cannot see,
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say art passing by,
O let me find thee near ;
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,
Thou Son of David, hear.

10 Long have I waited in the way
For thee the heav'nly light ;
Command me to be brought, and say,
Sinner, receive thy sight.

H Y M N XXV. *Foundry.*

1 JESU, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find ;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound :
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rife to all eternity.

H Y M N XXVI. *Chapel.*

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love,
 The love of Christ to me !

Stronger his love than death or hell :
 Its riches are unsearchable :
 The first born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, the breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God :
 O that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
 This only portion, Lord, be mine !
 Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could for ever sit
 With Mary at the Master's feet !
 Be this my happy choice :
 My only care, delight, and bliss,
 My joy, my heav'n on earth be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's voice !

5 O that I could, with favour'd John,
 Recline my weary head upon
 The dear Redeemer's breast !
 From care and sin, and sorrow free;
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting rest !

H Y M N XXVII. S. M.

1 **A** H ! whither shall I go,
 Burden'd, and sick and faint ?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint ?
 My Saviour bids me come,
 Ah ! why do I delay ?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.

2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I cannot part ?
 Which will not let my Saviour take
 Possession of my heart ?
 Some cursed thing unknown
 Must surely lurk within ;
 Some idol, which I will not own,
 Some secret, bosom sin.

3 Jesu, the hind'rance show,
 Which I have fear'd to see ;

Yet let me now consent to know
What keeps me out of thee.

Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying pow'r display :
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

I now believe, in thee
Compassion reigns alone :
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done !
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldest fain remove ;
Remove it, and I shall declare
That God is only love.

H Y M N XXVIII. 112th *Psalm.*

FATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
My Friend and Advocate with thee,
Pity a soul that fain would trust
In him who liv'd and dy'd for me ;
But only thou can't make him known
And in my heart reveal thy Son.
If, drawn by thine alluring grace,
My want of living faith I feel,
Show me in Christ thy smiling face,
What flesh and blood can ne'er reveal ;
Thy co-eternal Son display,
And call my darkness into day.
The gift unspeakable impart :
Command the light of faith to shine :
To shine in my dark drooping heart,
And fill me with the life divine ;
Now bid the new creation be !
O God, let there be faith in me.

H Y M N XXIX. *Passion.*

1 **O** JESUS my hope,
 For me offer'd up,
 Who with clamour pursu'd thee to Calvary's top :
 The blood thou hast shed,
 For me let it plead,
 And declare thou hast dy'd in thy murderer's stead.

2 Now, now let me know
 Its virtue below ;
 Let it wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
 Let it hallow my heart,
 And thoroughly convert,
 And make me, O Lord, in the world as thou art.

3 Each moment apply'd,
 My weakness to hide,
 Thy blood be upon me, and always abide :
 My advocate prove
 With the Father above,
 And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N XXX. *Shepherd of Israel.*

1 **C**OME, holy celestial Dove,
 To visit a sorrowful breast,
 My burden of guilt to remove,
 And bring me assurance and rest :
 Thou only hast power to relieve
 A sinner o'erwhelm'd with his load :
 The sense of acceptance to give,
 And sprinkle his heart with thy blood.

With me if of old thou hast strove,
And strangely withheld from my sin,
And try'd, by the lure of thy love,
My worthless affections to win ;
The work of thy mercy revive :
Thy uttermost mercy exert ;
And kindly continue to strive,
And hold till I yield thee my heart.
Thy call, if I ever have known,
And sigh'd from myself to get free,
And groan'd the unspeakable groan,
And long'd to be happy in thee ;
Fulfil the imperfect desire,
Thy peace to my conscience reveal,
The sense of thy favour inspire,
And give me my pardon to feel.
If when I had put thee to grief,
And madly to folly return'd,
Thy pity hath been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourn'd :
Most pityful Spirit of grace,
Relieve me again and restore :
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.
If now I lament after God,
And gasp for a drop of thy love ;
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above ;
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine,
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine !

H Y M N XXXI. L. M.

1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done thee such despite ;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

3 Yet, O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High-Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 If yet thou canst my sins forgive,
From now, O Lord, relieve my woes ;
Into thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with the calm repose.

5 From now my weary soul release,
Up-raise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promis'd land.

H Y M N XXXII. *Cary's.*

1 **W**EARY of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear and bow me to the rod :
For thee, not without hope, I mourn ;
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace ;
 More full of grace than I of sin,
 Yet once again I seek thy face,
 Open thine arms, and take me in ;
 And freely my backslidings heal,
 And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
 My fallen spirit to restore ;
 O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
 Forgive, and bid me sin no more !
 The ruins of my soul repair,
 And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4 Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
 That trembles at th' approach of sin !
 A godly fear of sin impart ;
 Impart and root it deep within !
 That I may dread thy gracious pow'r,
 And never dare t' offend thee more.

H Y M N XXXIII. *Hamilton.*

1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
 O Son of man, I fly,
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high !
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A covert from the tempest be ;
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The storm of sin I see.

2 Welcome as the water spring
 To a dry barren place ;
 O descend on me and bring
 The sweet refreshing grace ;

O'er a parch'd and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.

3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succour been ;
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin :
 O how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy pow'r.

4 First and last, in me perform
 The work thou hast begun ;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun :
 Let me hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

H Y M N XXXIV. L. M.

1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin :
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;

Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

6 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

H Y M N XXXV. C. M.

1 O THAT I could my Lord receive,
Who did the world redeem ;
Who gave his life, that I might live
A life conceal'd in him.

2 O that I could the blessing prove,
My heart's extreme desire ;
Live happy in my Saviour's love,
And in his arms expire.

3 Mercy I ask to seal my peace,
That, kept by mercy's power,

I may from ev'ry evil cease,
And never grieve thee more !

4 Now, if thy gracious will it be,
Ev'n now my sins remove,
And set my soul at liberty,
By thy victorious love.

5 In answer to ten thousand pray'rs,
Thou pard'ning God, descend ;
Number me with salvation's heirs,
My sins and troubles end.

6 Nothing I ask, or want beside,
Of all in earth or heaven ;
But let me feel thy blood apply'd,
And live and die forgiv'n.

H Y M N XXXVI. *Foundry.*

1 **D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears ;
Fearful soul, be strong, be bold ;
Tarry till the Lord appears,
Never, never quit thy hold :
Murmur not at his delay,
Dare not set thy God a time,
Calmly for his coming stay,
Leave it, leave it all to him.

2 Fainting soul, be bold, be strong,
Wait the leisure of thy Lord ;
Though it seem to tarry long,
True and faithful is his word !
On his word my soul I cast,
(He cannot himself deny)
Surely it shall speak at last ;
It shall speak, and shall not lie.

3 Ev'ry one that seeks shall find :
 Ev'ry one that asks shall have ;
 Christ, the Saviour of mankind,
 Willing, able all to save :
 I shall his salvation see,
 I in faith on Jesus call,
 I from sin shall be set free,
 Perfectly set free from all.

4 Lord, my time is in thine hand,
 Weak and helpless as I am,
 Surely thou canst make me stand ;
 I believe in Jesu's name :
 Saviour, in temptation thou,
 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
 Thou from sin dost save me now ;
 Thou shalt save me evermore.

HYMN XXXVII. C. M.

1 **W**HY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great comforter descend, and bring
 The tokens of thy grace !

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n !
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n ?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
 Safely convey me home.

H Y M N XXXVIII. C. M.

1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so !
 Awake, my sluggish soul !
 Nothing hath half thy work to do ;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 Go to the ants : for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive ;
 Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live !

3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move :
 We for whose guards the angel-bands
 Come flying from above.

4 We for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood !

5 Lord shall we live so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts ?
 Come, Holy dove from th' heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.

6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise,
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,
 To fly and take the prize.

PETITION.

HYMN XXXIX. Arne.

1 **H**APPY soul, that free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms !
Who his quiet shall molest ?
Who shall violate his rest ?
Jesus doth his spirit bear,
Jesus takes his ev'ry care ;
He who found the wand'ring sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.

2 O that I might so believe,
Steadfastly to Jesus cleave ;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh ;
Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near ;
All his care rejoice to prove ;
All his paradise of love.

3 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep,
Bring me back, and lead, and keep ;
Take on thee my ev'ry care ;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear ;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice ;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live :

4 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect through my Lord below ;
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above :

O that I at last may stand
 With the sheep at thy right hand ;
 Take the crown so freely giv'n :
 Enter in by thee to heaven.

H Y M N XL. *Amsterdam..*

MA K E R, Saviour of mankind,
 Who hast on me bestow'd
 An immortal soul, design'd
 To be the house of God :
 Come, and now reside in me,
 Never, never to remove,
 Make me just, and good, like thee,
 And full of pow'r and love.

2 Bid me in thy image rise,
 A saint, a creature new ;
 True, and merciful, and wise,
 And pure, and happy too.
 This thy primitive design,
 That I should in thee be blest ;
 Should within thy arms divine
 For ever, ever rest.

3 Let thy will in me be done ;
 Fulfil my heart's desire,
 Thee to know, and love alone,
 And rise in raptures higher :
 Thee descending on a cloud
 When with ravish'd eyes I see ;
 Then shall I be fill'd with God
 To all eternity !

HYMN XLI. *Hamilton.*

GOD of my salvation hear,
And help me to believe ;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy blessing to receive :
Full of guilt, alas ! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
Standing now as newly slain,
To thee I lift mine eye,
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh :
Now as yesterday, the same
Thou art, and wilt for ever be :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
Nothing have I, Lord, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure ;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor ;
Dust and ashes is my name,
My all is sin and misery :
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.
No good word, or work, or thought,
Bring I to buy thy grace ;
Pardon I accept unbought,
Thy proffer I embrace ;
Coming, as at first I came,
To take, and not bestow on thee ;
Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
Thy blood was shed for me.

5 Saviour, from thy wounded side
 I never will depart,
 Here will I my spirit hide,
 When I am pure in heart :
 Till my place above I claim,
 This only shall be all my plea,
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,
 Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N XLII. *Chapel.*

1 COME, Lord, and help me to rejoice,
 In hope that I shall hear thy voice,
 Shall one day see my God ;
 Shall cease from all my sin and strife,
 Handle and taste the word of life,
 And feel the sprinkled blood.

2 I shall not always make my moan,
 Nor worship thee a God unknown,
 But I shall live to prove
 Thy people's rest and saints' delight,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
 Of thy redeeming love.

3 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below :
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruit of paradise
 In endless plenty grow :

5 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With ev'ry blessing blest ;
 There dwells the Lord, our righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.

O that I might at once go up,
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land posseſſ ;
 This moment end my legal years,
 Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears,
 An howling wilderness !

Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
 Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
 The carnal mind remove ;
 The purchase of thy death divide,
 And O, with all the sanctify'd,
 Give me a lot of love !

H Y M N XLIII. *Brockmer*

GOD of all grace and majesty,
GSupremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee,
 Through the atoning blood ;
 The guard of all thy mercies give
 And to my pardon join
Afear, lest I should ever grieve
 Thy gracious Spir't divine.

If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love :
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor fojourner ;
 And let me pass my days below,
 In humbleness and fear.

3 Still may I walk as in thy sight,
 My strict observer see ;
 And thou by rev'rent love unite
 My child like heart to thee :
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide ;
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

H Y M N XLIV. C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience give.

3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God, my conscience make,
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

4 If to the right or left I stray,
 That moment, Lord, reprove :
 And let me weep my life away,
 For having griev'd thy love.

5 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to the blood again,
 Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN XLV. *Norwich.*

MY God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call ;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell ;
 'Tis paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart 'tis hell.

The smilings of thy face
 How amiable they are !
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.

To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss ;
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.

Not all the harps above
 Can make a heav'nly place ;
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford ;
 No, not one drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll ;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul.

2 To thee my spirits fly
 With infinite desire:
 And yet how far from thee I lie!
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.

H Y M N XLVI.

1 JESUS, come, thou hope of glory,
 Purify me, that I
 May with saints adore thee.

2 Big with earnest expectation,
 Still I sit at thy feet,
 Longing for salvation.

3 My poor heart vouchsafe to dwell in,
 Make me thine, Love divine,
 By thy Spirit's sealing.

4 Thou hast laid the sure foundation
 Of my hope, build me up;
 Finish thy creation.

5 From this inbred sin deliver;
 Let the yoke now be broke,
 Make me thine for ever.

6 Partner of thy perfect nature,
 Let me be, now in thee,
 A new spotless creature.

7 Perfect when I walk before thee,
 Soon or late, then translate
 To the realms of glory.

H Y M N XLVII. L. M.

1 I Thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
 To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
 To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
 For ever clos'd to all but thee !
 Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
 That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
 Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
 Who life and strength from thence derive,
 And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
 Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe :
 Thou giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move,
 O wond'rous grace ! O boundless love !

5 How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
 That thou should'st us to glory bring ;
 Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
 Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
 Our words are lost, nor will we know,
 Nor will we think of aught beside,
 " My Lord, my Love, is crucify'd."

7 Ah ! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell
 Thy love immense, unsearchable !

8 First born of many brethren thou,
 To thee, lo ! all our souls we bow ;
 To thee our hearts and hands we give ;
 Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XLVIII. *Irene.*

1 **S**AVIOUR! the world's and mine,
Was ever grief like thine?
Thou my pain, my curse hast took,
All my sins were laid on thee;
Help me, Lord, to thee I look;
Draw me, Saviour, after thee.

2 To love is all my wish,
I only live for this,
Grant me, Lord, my heart's desire,
There by faith for e'er to dwell:
This I always will require,
Thee, and only thee to feel.

3 Thy pow'r I pant to prove,
Rooted and fix'd in love:
Strengthen'd by thy Spirit's might,
Wise to fathom things divine,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
What the depth of love like thine.

4 Ah! give me this to know,
With all thy saints below;
Swells my soul to compafs thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immers'd and lost in love!

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore,
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great, effectual door.

Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's pow'r !
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear :
Come then, and in thy people's eyes,
With all thy wounds appear !

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suff'ring Son of God ;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The stony from their hearts remove,
Thou, who for all hast dy'd ;
Shew them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side !

6 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin :
Thy hands they all stretch'd out may see,
To take thy murd'fers in.

7 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

8 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true ;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
" I suffer'd this for you ! "

H Y M N L. C. M.

1 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood ;
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God ! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come :
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

HYMN LI. *New-year's day.*

1 COME let us anew
Our journey pursue,

Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the master appear!

His adorable will

Let us gladly fulfil,

And our talents improve

By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

2 Our life as a dream,

Our time as a stream

Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown,

The moment is gone;

The millenial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day

Of his coming may say,

“I have fought my way through,

I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.”

O that each from his Lord

May receive the glad word,

“Well and faithfully done!

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

HYMN LII. *23d Psalm.*

1 LEADER of faithful souls, and guide.

LEADER of all that travel to the sky,

Come and with us, ev'n us abide,

Who would on thee alone rely;

On thee alone our spirits stay,

While held in life's uneven way.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place,
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight ;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.

4 Patient th' appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind,
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find :
Our labour this, our only aim,
To find the new Jerusalem.

5 Thro' thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiv'n,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heav'n ;
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.

6 Rais'd by the breath of love divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd ;
The church of the first-born to join,
To travel to the mount of God ;
With joy upon our heads to rise,
And meet our Saviour in the skies.

HYMN LIII. *Kingswood.*

SON of God, if thy free grace
Again hath rais'd me up,
Call'd me still to seek thy face,
And giv'n me back my hope ;
Still thy timely help afford,
And all thy loving kindness show :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

By me, O my Saviour, stand
In sore temptation's hour !
Save me with thine out-stretch'd hand,
And shew forth all thy pow'r :
O be mindful of thy word,
Thy all sufficient grace bestow :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Give me, Lord, a holy fear,
And fix it in my heart,
That I may from evil near,
With speedy care depart :
Sin be more than hell abhor'd,
Till thou destroy the tyrant foe :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

Never let me leave thy breast,
From thee, my Saviour, stray ;
Thou art my support and rest,
My true and living way :
My exceeding great reward,
In heav'n above, and earth below :
Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,
And never let me go.

HYMN LIV. *Kingswood.*

1 **L**ORD! and is thine anger gone!
And art thou pacify'd?
After all that I have done,
Dost thou no longer chide?
Infinite thy mercies are;
Beneath the weight I cannot move;
O 'tis more than I can bear,
The sense of pard'ning love!

2 Let it still my heart constrain,
And all my passions sway;
Keep me lest I turn again
Out of the narrow way;
Force my vi'lence to be still,
And captivate my every thought;
Charm, and melt, and change my will,
And bring me down to nought.

3 If I have begun once more
Thy sweet return to feel;
If even now I find thy pow'r
Present my soul to heal;
Still and quiet may I lie,
Nor struggle out of thine embrace;
Never more resist, or fly
From thy pursuing grace.

4 To the crofs, thine altar, bind
Me with the cords of love:
Freedom let me never find
From my dear Lord to move;
That I never, never more
May with my much lov'd Master part;
To the posts of mercy's door,
O nail my willing heart.

See my utter helplessness,
 And leave me not alone,
 O preserve in perfect peace,
 And seal me for thine own !
 More and more thyself reveal,
 Thy presence let me always find &
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal,
 My feeble, sin-sick mind.

As the apple of an eye,
 Thy weakest servant keep ;
 Help me at thy feet to lie,
 And there for ever weep :
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow,
 That I have an hope of heaven ;
 Much of love I ought to know,
 For I have much forgiv'n.

H Y M N LV. *Birmingham.*

THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r,
 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
 Thee will I love with all my pow'r,
 In all my works, and thee alone.
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill my whole soul with chaste desire.
 Ah ! why did I so late thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain ?
 Asham'd I sigh and inly mourn,
 That I so late to thee did turn.
 In darkness willingly I stray'd ;
 I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd ;

Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread,
 Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd ;
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee.

4 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
 That thy bright beams on me have shin'd ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
 I thank thee, whose enliv'ning voice
 Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

5 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
 Nor suffer me again to stray ;
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace,
 Still to press forward in the way ;
 My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
 Fill, satiate with thy heavenly light.

H Y M N LVI. C. M.

1 I NFINITE, unexhausted love !
 Jesus and love are one ;
 If still to me thy bowels move,
 They are restrain'd to none.

2 What shall I do my God to love ?
 My loving God to praise ?
 The length, and breadth, and height to prove,
 And depth of sov'reign grace ?

3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
 Immense and unconfin'd ;
 From age to age it never ends,
 It reaches all mankind.

4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
 Wide as infinity :

So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.

3 My trespass was grown up to heav'n;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiv'n,
I see thy mercies rise!

4 The depth of all-redeeming love,
What angel-tongue can tell?
O may I to the utmost prove
The gift unspeakable!

5 Come quickly, gracious Lord, and take
Possession of thine own!
My longing heart vouchsafe to make
Thine everlasting throne!

6 Assert thy claim, maintain thy right,
Come quickly from above;
And sink me to perfection's height,
The depth of humble love.

H Y M N LVII. *Zion.*

A LL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd;
O Jefus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

7 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heaven was open'd on earth;

Receiving its Lord from above,
 The world was united to bless
 The Giver of concord and love,
 The Prince and the Author of Peace.

3 O wouldest thou again be made known,
 Again in the Spirit descend,
 And set up in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end.
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
 Who long thy appearance to know ;
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
 In mercy establish below ;
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er,
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose ;
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 Where Jesu's Spirit o'erflows :
 Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join,
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

H Y M N LVIII. C. M.

1 C OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God in persons three,
 Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost
 By all mankind and me.

Thy favour, and thy nature too,
 To me, to all restore ;
 Forgive, and after God renew,
 And keep me evermore.
 Eternal Sun of Righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of thy face,
 Upon my heart to shine.
 Light in thy light, O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove !
 Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,
 The God of pard'ning love !
 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd !
 That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me through grace forgiv'n ;
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heav'n !

HYMN LIX. *Amsterdam.*

O ALMIGHTY God of love !
 Thy holy arm display,
 Send me succour from above,
 In this my evil day ;
 Arm my weakness with thy pow'r,
 Woman's seed appear within !
 Be my safeguard and my tow'r,
 Against the face of sin.
 Rock of my salvation, haste,
 Extend thy ample shade,

Let it over me be cast,
 And screen my naked head.
 Save me from the trying hour;
 Thou my sure protection be:
 Shelter me from Satan's power,
 Till I am fix'd on thee.

3 Set upon thyself my feet,
 And make me surely stand;
 From temptations' rage and heat
 Cover me with thine hand;
 Let me in the cleft be plac'd;
 Never from my fence remove:
 In thine arms of love embrac'd,
 Of everlasting love.

HYMN LX. L. M.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesu, from above!
 Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free!
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue:
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glittering snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
 Of any other love but thine.

Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul :
Possess it thou who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN LXI. *Palmyr's.*

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart ;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest ;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come,
Thy own this moment seize,
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN LXII. *Brook's.*

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day ;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fi'ry trials last,
 Long as the croſs we bear,
 O let our souls on thee be cast
 In never ceaſing pray'r!

3 The ſpirit of interceding grace
 Give us in faith to claim ;
 To wrestle till we ſee thy face,
 And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
 Till thou thyſelf beſtow,
 Be this the cry of ev'ry heart,
 I will not let thee go.

5 I will not let thee go, unleſs
 Thou tell thy name to me,
 With all thy great ſalvation bleſs,
 And make me all like thee.

6 Then let me on the mountain top,
 Behold thy open face,
 Where faith in fight is swallow'd up,
 And pray'r in endleſs praife.

H Y M N LXIII. *Olney.*

1 JESU, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hearſt my pray'r ;
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do,
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
 A ſelf renouncing will,

That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill :
A soul inur'd to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss ;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepar'd,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto pray'r.

I want a heart to pray,
To pray and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.

This blessing above all—
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To thee and thy great name :
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

I rest upon thy word :
The promise is for me :

My succour and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee,
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

HYMN LXIV. *Wood's.*

1 **H**ELP, Lord, to whom for help I fly,
 And still my tempted soul stand by
 Throughout the evil day ;
 The sacred watchfulness impart,
 And keep the issues of my heart,
 And stir me up to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
 In each approach of sin, alarm
 And shew the danger near ;
 Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
 And fill with godly jealousy,
 And sanctifying fear.

3 Whene'er my careless hands hang down,
 O let me see thy gath'ring frown,
 And feel thy warning eye ;
 And starting cry, from ruin's brink,
 Save, Jesus, or I yield, I sink !
 O save me, or I die !

4 If near the pit I rashly stray,
 Before I wholly fall away,
 The keen conviction dart ;
 Recall me by that pitying look,
 That kind upbraiding glance, which broke
 Unfaithful Peter's heart.

5 In me thine utmost mercy show,
 And make me like thyself below,
 Unblamable in grace ;
 Ready prepar'd and fitted here,
 By perfect holiness t'appear
 Before thy glorious face.

H Y M N LXV. L. M.

1 **J**ESU, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 On whom I cast my every care,
 On whom for all things I depend,
 Inspire, and then accept my pray'r.

2 If I have tasted of thy grace,
 The grace that sure salvation brings ;
 If with me now thy Spirit stays,
 And hov'ring, hides me in his wings ;

3 Still let him with my weakness stay,
 Nor for a moment's space depart :
 Evil and danger turn away,
 And keep till he renews my heart.

4 When to the right or left I stray,
 His voice behind me may I hear,
 "Return, and walk in Christ thy way,
 "Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."

5 His sacred unction from above
 Be still my comforter and guide ;
 Till all the stony he remove,
 And in my loving heart reside.

6 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,
 From nature's ev'ry path retreat ;
 Thou art my way, my leader be,
 And set upon the rock my feet.

7 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;
 O reach me out thy gracious hand !
 Only on thee for help I call ;
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

HYMN LXVI. S. M.

1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have ;
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;
 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfil ;
 O may it all my pow'rs engage
 To do my Master's will !

2 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give :
 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
 I shall for ever die.

HYMN LXVII. *Snowfield's.*

1 **B**E it my only wisdom here,
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude ;
 Superior sense may I display,
 By shunning every evil way,
 And walking in the good

2 O may I still from sin depart ;
 A wise and understanding heart,
 Jesus, to me be giv'n !
 And let me through thy Spirit know,
 To glorify my God below,
 And find my way to heav'n.

H Y M N LXVIII. *Lamp's.*

1 G OD of almighty love,
 By whose sufficient grace
 I lift my heart to things above,
 And humbly seek thy face ;
 Thro' Jesus Christ the just,
 My faint desire receive,
 And let me in thy goodness trust,
 And to thy glory live.

2 Whate'er I say or do,
 Thy glory be my aim ;
 My off'rings all be offer'd through
 The ever-blessed name.
 Jesu, my single eye
 Be fix'd on thee alone ;
 Thy name be prais'd on earth, on high ;
 Thy will by all be done.

3 Spirit of faith, inspire
 My consecrated heart ;
 Fill me with pure celestial fire,
 With all thou hast and art ;
 My feeble mind transform,
 And perfectly renew'd,
 Into a saint exalt a worm :
 A worm exalt to God !

H Y M N LXIX. *Lamp's.*

1 THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I no more may do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew ;
 My soul shall then like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And sanctify'd by love divine,
 For ever cease from sin.

2 That blessed law of thine,
 Jesu, to me impart ;
 Thy Spirit's law of life divine,
 O write it in my heart !
 Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove,
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

3 Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity,
 And sweetly ev'ry moment draw
 My happy soul to thee ;
 Soul of my soul remain,
 Who didst for all fulfil,
 In me, O Lord, fulfil again
 Thy heav'ly Father's will.

H Y M N LXX. C. M.

1 FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free !
 A heart that always feels thy blood,
 So freely spilt for me !

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

O for a lowly contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

A heart in every thought renew'd,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy tender heart is still the same,
 And melts at human woe :
 Jesu, for thee distress'd I am,
 I want thy love to know.

My heart thou know'st, can never rest,
 Till thou create my peace ;
 Till of my Eden reposess'd,
 From ev'ry sin I cease.

Fruit of thy gracious lips on me
 Bestow, that peace unknown,
 The hidden manna, and the tree
 Of life, and the white stone.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of love.

HYMN LXXI. 112th Psalm.

1 **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
I only sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetnes of thy yoke to prove ;
And fain I would, but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way :
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee !
Yet while I seek, and find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see ;
O when shall all my wand'rings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share ?
Ah ! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there !
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

5 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
" I am thy Love, thy God, thy All ! "
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

H Y M N LXXII. *Cardiff.*

1 **Y**E happy sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 The Lord our righteousness
We have long since receiv'd ;
Salvation nearer is
Than when we first believ'd ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful he is, and just,
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear ;
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near ;
Again I say, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 Who Jesu's suff'rings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow ;
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.

6 The word of God is sure,
 And never can remove,
 We shall in heart be pure,
 And perfected in love :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

7 Then let us gladly bring
 Our sacrifice of praise,
 Let us give thanks, and sing,
 And glory in his grace :
 Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
 We shall from all our sins be free.

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

1 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side ;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour dy'd !

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own :
 Wash me, and mine thou art :
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

H Y M N LXXIV. C. M.

1 J E S U, my life, thyself apply,
Thy holy Spirit breathe :
My vile affections crucify,
Conform me to thy death.

2 Conqu'ror of hell, and earth, and sin,
Still with the rebel strive ;
Enter my soul, and work within,
And kill, and make alive !

3 More of thy life, and more I have,
As the old Adam dies :
Bury me, Saviour, in thy grave,
That I with thee may rise.

4 Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
Who would not own thy sway :
Diffuse thine image through my soul,
Shine to the perfect day.

5 Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode ;
O make me glorious all within,
A temple built by God.

H Y M N LXXV. *Savannah.*

1 H OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be !

2 Jesu, see my panting breast :
See I pant in thee to rest !
Gladly would I now be clean :
Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

P E T I T I O N .

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind ;
To thy croſs my ſpirit bind ;
Earthly paſſions far remove ;
Swallow up my ſoul in love.

4 Dust and aſhes though we be,
Full of guilt and miſery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

5 Who in heart on thee believes,
He th' atonement now receives :
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye ſinners, ſee the flame
Riſing from the slaughter'd Lamb,
Mark the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day !

7 Jesus, when this light we ſee,
All our ſoul's athirſt for thee ;
When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,
All our heart diſſolves in love.

8 Boundless wiſdom, pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are thine !
Praife by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of earth, and hoſts of heav'n.

H Y M N LXXVI. C. M.

1 JESU, thou art our King,
To me thy ſuccour bring :
Christ the mighty one art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid ;
This is the word, I claim it now,
Send me now the promis'd aid.

High on thy Father's throne,
O look with pity down ;
Help, O help ! attend my call,
Captive lead captivity ;
King of glory, Lord of all,
Christ, the Lord, be king to me.

I pant to feel thy sway,
And only thee t' obey :
Thee my spirit grasps to meet ;
This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,
Make, O make my heart thy seat !
O set up thy kingdom there !

Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory :
Hell, and death, and sin controul,
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe ;
All subdue : through all my soul
Conqu'ring and to conquer go.

HYMN LXXVII. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, I believe thy ev'ry word,
Thy ev'ry promise true :
And lo ! I wait on thee, my Lord,
Till I my strength renew.

2 If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile shew forth thy praise,
Jesu, support the tott'ring clay,
And lengthen out my days.

3 If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,

Let him who rais'd thee from the dead,
Quicken my mortal frame.

4 Still let me live thy blood to show,
Which purges every stain ;
And gladly linger out below,
A few more years in pain.

5 Spare me, till I my strength of soul,
Till I thy love retrieve ;
Till faith shall make my spirit whole,
And perfect soundness give.

6 For this in steadfast hope I wait,
Now Lord, my soul restore ;
Now the new heav'ns and earth create,
And I shall sin no more.

H Y M N LXXVIII. *Westminster.*

1 LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown :
Jesu, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art :
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into ev'ry troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of faith as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave ;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee ;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

O THAT my load of sin were gone !
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down !
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet !

Rest for my soul I long to find :
 Saviour of all if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free,
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The crofs all stain'd with hallow'd blood,
 The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would ; but thou must give the pow'r ;
 My heart from ev'ry sin release ;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer !
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay !
 Appear, in my poor heart appear !
 My God, my Saviour, come away !

H Y M N LXXX. *Westminster.*

1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart,
 Ev'ry fainting soul inspire ;
 Shine in ev'ry drooping heart !
 Ev'ry mournful sinner cheer ;
 Scatter all our guilty gloom !
 Son of God, appear, appear !
 To thy human temples come.

2 Come in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
 Fill us with thy glorious pow'r,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin :
 Nothing more can we require ;
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace !

HYMN LXXXI. *Foundry.*

1 **G**OD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield ;
Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

2 Meet it is and just and right,
That we should be wholly thine ;
In thy only will unite,
In thy blessed service join :
O that ev'ry work and word
Might proclaim how good thou art ;
Holiness unto the Lord
Still be wrote upon our heart !

HYMN LXXXII. C. M.

1 **L**ET him to whom we now belong,
His sov'reign right assert ;
And take up ev'ry thankful song,
And ev'ry loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price !
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus ! thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
 With joy we render thee
 Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
 To all eternity.

HYMN LXXXIII. 112th Psalm.

1 **B**EHOLD the servant of the Lord !
 I wait thy guiding eye to feel,
 To hear and keep thy ev'ry word,
 To prove and do thy perfect will ;
 Joyful from my own works to cease,
 Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

2 Me, if thy grace vouchsafe to use,
 Meanest of all thy creatures, me,
 The deed, the time, the manner chuse,
 Let all my fruit be found of thee :
 Let all my works in thee be wrought,
 By thee to full perfection brought.

3 My ev'ry weak, though good design,
 O'er-rule, or change, as seems thee meet :
 Jesu, let all my work be thine !
 Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,
 And pleasing in thy Father's sight :
 Thou only hast done all things right,

4 Here then to thee thy own I leave,
 Mould as thou wilt thy passive clay ;
 But let me all thy stamp receive,
 But let me all thy words obey :
 Serve with a single heart and eye,
 And to thy glory live and die.

HYMN LXXXIV. *Dedication.*

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,

Let thy will on earth be done;

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

If so poor a worm as I

May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,

All my words and thoughts receive;

Claim me for thy service, claim

All I have and all I am.

Take my soul and body's pow'rs;

Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;

All my goods, and all my hours,

All I know, and all I feel;

All I think, or speak, or do;

Take my heart; but make it new!

Now, O God, thy own I am!

Now I give thee back thy own;

Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,

Consecrate to thee alone:

Thine I live, thrice happy I;

Happier still if thine I die!

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

One in Three, and Three in One,

As by the celestial host,

Let thy will on earth be done;

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,

Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n.

HYMN LXXXV. S. M.

1 JESU, my truth, my way,
 My sure unerring light,
 On thee my feeble steps I stay,
 Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 My wisdom and my guide,
 My counsellor thou art :
 O let me never leave thy side,
 Or from thy paths depart.

3 I lift my eyes to thee,
 Thou gracious bleeding Lamb,
 That I may now enlighten'd be,
 And never put to shame.

4 Never will I remove
 Out of thy hands my cause,
 But rest in thy redeeming love,
 And hang upon thy cross.

5 Teach me the happy art,
 In all things to depend
 On thee: O never, Lord, depart,
 But love me to the end.

6 Still stir me up to strive
 With thee in strength divine ;
 And ev'ry moment, Lord, revive
 This fainting soul of mine:

7 Persist to save my soul
 Throughout the fi'ry hour,
 Till I am ev'ry whit made whole,
 And shew forth all thy pow'r.

8 Through fire and water bring
 Into the wealthy place ;

And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace!

9 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm and stablish me,
And build me up in love.

10 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd:
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

H Y M N LXXXVI. *Brentford.*

1 **L** O, in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My potter, stamp on me, thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love:
Be this my whole desire,
I know that it is thine;
Then kindle in my soul a fire,
Which shall for ever shine.

2 Thy gracious readines
To save mankind assert:
Thy image, love, thy name impref,
Thy nature on my heart!
Bowels of mercy, hear,
Into my soul come down;
Let it throughout my life appear,
That I have Christ put on.

3 O plant in me thy mind!
O fix in me thy home!
So shall I cry to all mankind,
Come to the waters, come!

Jesus is full of grace :
 To all his bowels move :
 Behold in me, ye fallen race,
 That God is only love !

H Y M N LXXXVII. L. M.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim ;
G Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !
 The glories that compose thy name,
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father, and my God !
 And I am thine by sacred ties,
 Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, for thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 Even life itself, without thy love,
 No lasting pleasure can afford ;
 Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from thee, Lord !

5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise ;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

H Y M N LXXXVIII. L. M.

1 **O** THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light,
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee ;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free !

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross !
Hallow each thought ; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd I follow thee ;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill !

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN LXXXIX. L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting king,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
 O may it ever, ever stay !
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
 Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !

4 Each following minute as it flies,
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
 Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
 At the great supper of the Lamb.

H Y M N XC. *Passion.*

1 C OME, Lord, from above,
 C The mountains remove,
 Q'eturn all that hinders the course of thy love:
 My bosom inspire,
 Inkindle the fire,
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

2 I languish and pine
 For the comfort divine,
 O when shall I say, " my beloved is mine,
 " I have chose the good part,
 " My portion thou art, [heart.]
 " O love, I have found thee, O God in my

3 For this my heart sighs,
 Nothing else can suffice; [price]
 How, Lord, can I purchase the pearl of great
 It cannot be bought,
 And thou know'st I have nought,
 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

4 But I hear a voice say,
 Without money you may
 Receive it, whoever hath nothing to pay;

Who on Jesus relies,
Without money or price,
The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

5 The blessing is free,
So, Lord, let it be :

I yield that thy love should be given to me.
I freely receive

What thou freely dost give,
And consent in thy love, in thine Eden to live.

6 The gift I embrace,
The giver I praise,

And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace ;
It came from above,

The foretaste I prove,
And I soon shall receive all thy fulness of love.

H Y M N XCI. S. M.

1 **A**ND can I yet delay
My little all to give ?

To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive ?

Nay, but I yield, I yield !

I can hold out no more ;

I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror !

2 Though late I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign ;

Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove :

Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

3 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know ;
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art,
 My hope, my heav'nly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart !

H Y M N XCI. *Shepherd of Israel.*

4 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where thou art :
 The pasture I languish to find,
 Where all who their shepherd obey,
 Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,
 And screen'd from the heat of the day.

5 Ah ! shew me that happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode,
 Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
 And hang on a crucify'd God :
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,
 There only I covet to rest ;
 To lie at the foot of the rock,
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast :

*Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart ;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

H Y M N XCIII. *Olney.*

1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, attend
Thy feeble creature's cry :
And shew thyself the sinner's friend,
And set me up on high.
From hell's oppressive pow'r
My struggling soul release ;
And to thy Father's grace restore ;
And to thy perfect peace.

2 Thy blood and righteousness
I make my only plea ;
My present and eternal peace
Are both deriv'd from thee.
Rivers of life divine
From thee, their fountain, flow ;
And all who know that love of thine,
The joy of angels know.

3 Come then, impute, impart
To me thy righteousness,
And let me taste how good thou art,
How full of truth and grace :
That thou canst here forgive,
Grant me to testify,
And justify'd by faith to live,
And in that faith to die.

HYMN XCIV. C. M.

1 **B**EING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made, and preserv'd, and sav'd by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heav'n-ward our ev'ry wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store :
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask : we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will :
Turn and beget us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad !
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

HYMN XCV. C. M.

1 **O**SUN of Righteousness, arise
With healing in thy wing !
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
By thy all piercing beam ;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame..

My mind by thy all-quic'ning power
 From low desires set free ;
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on thee.

Father, thy long-lost son receive ;
 Saviour, thy purchase own ;
 Blest comforter, with peace and joy
 Thy new-made creature crown.

Eternal, undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One in Three,
 On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
 All love be paid to thee.

H Y M N XCVI. *Plymouth.*

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
 Still supply our ev'ry want !
 Tree of life, thy influence shed,
 With thy sap my spirit feed.

Tenderest branch, alas ! am I,
 Wither without thee and die,
 Weak as helpless infancy ;
 O confirm my soul in thee.

Unsustain'd by thee I fall ;
 Send the help for which I call ;
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on thee depend ;
 Love me, save me to the end :
 Give me the continuing grace,
 Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN XCVII. *Plymouth.*

1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow ;
O ! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend,
In compassion now descend ;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford ;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return ;
Those that are cast down, lift up ;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

6 Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God, and kind :
Heal the sick, the captive free ;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN XCVIII. *Whitefield's.*

1 **C**OME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise !

Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
 And make them fall !
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made,
Our souls on thee be stay'd.
 Lord hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
 Our pray'r attend :
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour ;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of pow'r.

To the great One in Three.
Eternal praises be,
 Hence—evermore !
His sov'reign Majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity,
 Love and adore.

HYMN XCIX. L. M.

1 **O**F him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing ;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears, and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Infatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry ;
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves, can love enough ?

HYMN C. *Funeral.*

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see ;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
Have all lost their sweetness to me ;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

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2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice ;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
- My all to his pleasure resign'd ;
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind ;
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear ;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song ;
Say, why do I languish and pine ?
And why are my winters so long ?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
Or take me to thee upon high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

H Y M N CI. *St. Peter's.*

1 C OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace !
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise :
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love !

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;
 And I hope by thy good pleasure
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus fought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood !

3 O ! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee ;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love —
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

H Y M N CII. L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great builder of thy church below,
 If now thy Spirit moves my breast,
 Hear and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word,
 And thee their utmost Saviour own,
 Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses ;
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
 How Christians liv'd in days of old .

Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesu's witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet;
To wash his dear disciples' feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

7 After my lowly Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.

8 Lord, if I now thy drawings feel,
And ask according to thy will;
Confirm the pray'r, the seal impart,
And speak the answer to my heart.

9 Tell me, or thou shalt never go,
" Thy pray'r is heard; it shall be so."
The words have pass'd thy lips, and I
Shall with thy people live and die.

H Y M N. CIII. *Kingswood.*

1 E VER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call!
Thee I restlessly require,

I want my God, my All,
Jesu, dear redeeming Lord,

I wait thy coming from above,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
Lamenting all my days?
Shall I never, never know
Thy sanctifying grace?
Wilt thou not the light afford,
The darkness from my soul remove?
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

3 Lord, if I on thee believe,
The second gift impart;
With th' indwelling spirit give
A new, a contrite heart:
If with love thy heart is stor'd,
If now o'er me thy bowels move,
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

4 Let me gain my calling's hope,
O make the sinner clean!
Dry corruption's fountain up,
Cut off th' entail of sin:
Take me into thee, my Lord,
And I shall then no longer rove;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Thou, my life, my treasure be,
My portion here below!
Nothing would I seek but thee,
Thee only would I know:
My exceeding great reward,
My heav'n on earth, my heav'n above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

5 Grant me now the bliss to feel
 Of those that are in thee ;
 Son of God, thyself reveal,
 Engrave thy name on me ;
 As in heav'n be here ador'd,
 And let me now the promise prove ;
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

H Y M N CIV. C. M.

1 **M** Y God, I know, I feel thee mine,
 And will not quit my claim,
 Till all I have is lost in thine,
 And all renew'd I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
 And will not let thee go,
 Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
 And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesu, thine all victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad !
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fix'd in God.

4 O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow !
 Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow !

5 O that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume :
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.

6 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul ;
 Scatter thy life through ev'ry part,
 And sanctify the whole.

7 Sorrow and sin shall then expire,
 When enter'd into rest ;
 I only live my God t' admire,
 My God for ever blest.

8 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move ;
 But Christ be all the world to me,
 And all my heart be love.

H Y M N CV. *Shepherd of Israel.*

1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim ?
 What now is my hope and desire ?
 To follow the heavenly Lamb,
 And after his image aspire :
 My hope is all center'd in thee ;
 I trust to recover thy love ;
 On earth thy salvation to see,
 And then to enjoy thee above.

2 I thirst for a life-giving God,
 A God that on Calvary dy'd ;
 A fountain of water and blood,
 Which gush'd from Immanuel's side ?
 I gasp for the stream of thy love,
 The spirit of rapture unknown ;
 And then to re-drink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN CVI. *Bradford.*

1 JESU, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare:
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there!
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am;
 Be thou alone my constant flame!

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
 May dwell, but thy pure love alone!
 O may thy love possess me whole!
 My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
 Strange flames far from my heart remove;
 My ev'ry act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
 All pain before thy presence flies;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise;
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee!

4 Unweary'd may I this pursue,
 Dauntless to the high prize aspire;
 Hourly within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heav'ly fire;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard this sacred treasure there.

5 O that I as a little child
 May follow thee and never rest,
 Till sweetly thou hast breath'd thy mild
 And lowly mind into my breast!
 Nor ever may we parted be,
 Till I become one spir't with thee.

6 Still let thy love point out my way ;
How woud' rous thingst thy love hath wrought !
Still lead me lest I go astray ;
Direct my word, inspire my thought ;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

7 In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my pow'r,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast dy'd !

H Y ' M N C VII. L. M.

1 **H**OLY, and true, and righteous Lord,
I wait to prove thy perfect will ;
Be mindful of thy gracious word,
And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

2 Open my faith's interior eye :
Display thy glory from above ;
And all I am shall sink and die,
Lost in astonishment and love !

3 Confound, o'erpow'r me by thy grace ;
I would be by myself abhorr'd ;
All might, all majesty, all praise,
All glory be to Christ my Lord !

4 Now let me gain perfection's height ;
Now let me into nothing fall,
As less than nothing in my sight,
And feel that Christ is all in all !

HYMN CVIII. *Hotham.*

1 **S**AVIOUR of the sin-sick soul,
Give me faith to make me whole *
Finish thy great work of grace!
Cut it short in righteousness.

2 Speak the second time, “ Be clean ! ”
Take away my inbred sin ;
Ev’ry stumbling-block remove ;
Cast it out by perfect love.

3 Nothing less will I require,
Nothing more can I desire :
None but Christ to me be giv’n ;
None but Christ in earth or heav’n.

4 O that I might now decrease !
O that all I am might cease !
Let me into nothing fall !
Let my Lord be all in all !

HYMN CIX. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov’d alone.

2 A rest where all our soul’s desire
Is fix’d on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in !
Now, Saviour, now the pow’r bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I would,
 And have thee all my own ;
 Thee, O my all-sufficient good,
 I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant !
 This, only this, be giv'n ;
 Nothing beside my God I want,
 Nothing in earth or heav'n.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
 Into my soul descend !
 No longer from thy creature stay,
 My author and my end !

8 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 And seal me thine abode ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 Let all be lost in God !

HYMN CX. C. M.

1 **O** JOYFUL sound of gospel-grace,
 Christ shall in me appear !
 I, even I, shall see his face ;
 I shall be holy here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
 To me reach'd out I view ;
 Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize
 And wear it as my due.

3 The promis'd land from Pisgah's top
 I now exult to see ;

My hope is full (O glorious hope)
Of immortality.

He visits now this house of clay ;
He shakes his future home :
O wouldst thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into thy temple come.

With me, I know, I feel thou art,
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

My earth thou wat'rest from on high,
But make it all a pool :
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,
Spring up within my soul.

Come, O my God, thyself reveal !
Fill all this mighty void :
Thou only canst my spirit fill ;
Come, O my God, my God !

Fulfil, fulfil my large desires,
Large as infinity ;
Give, give me all my soul requires,
All, all that is in thee !

H Y M N C X I. C. M.

JESUS hath dy'd that I might live,
Might live to God alone ;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable ;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
 The perfect bliss to prove ;
 My longing heart is all on fire,
 To be dissolv'd in love.

4 Give me thyself, from ev'ry boast,
 From ev'ry sin set free ;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be giv'n ;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heav'n !

H Y M N CXII. *Smithfield's.*

1 **T**HOU great, mysterious God unknown,
 Whose love hath gently led me on,
 Ev'n from my infant days ;
 Mine inmost soul expose to view,
 And tell me if I never knew
 Thy justifying grace.

2 If I have only known thy fear,
 And follow'd with an heart sincere,
 Thy drawing from above ;
 Now, now the farther grace bestow,
 And let my sprinkled conscience know,
 Thy sweet forgiving love.

3 Short of thy love I would not stop,
 A stranger to the gospel hope,
 The sense of sin forgiv'n :
 I woud not, Lord, my soul deceive,
 Without thy inward witness live,
 That antepast of heav'n.

P E T I T I O N .

4 If now the witness were in me,
Would he not testify of thee,
 In Jesu reconcil'd?
And should I not with faith draw nigh,
And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,
 I know myself thy child?
5 Ah! never let thy servant rest,
Till of my part in Christ possess'd,
 I on thy mercy feed:
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,
 To eat the children's bread.
6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,
 Thy glory to display:
Mine heart of unbelief convince,
And now absolve me from my sins,
 And take them all away.

H Y M N C X I I I . L. M.

MY hope, my All, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow:
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasps me, Saviour, to thy heart.

4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.

5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more:
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN CXIV. C. M.

1 JESUS, the all-sustaining Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up?

2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.

3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.

4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.

5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
Through all eternity.

HYMN CXV. C. M.

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN CXVI. *Passion*

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is,
Come see if there ever was sorrow like his.

2 For what you have done,
His blood must atone;

The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He answer'd for all,
O come at his call,

And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At Jesus's cries,

Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.

4 He dies to atone

For sins not his own,

[done.]

Your debt he hath paid, and your work he hath
Ye all may receive
The peace he did leave,

Who made intercession, " My Father, forgive."

5 For you and for me

He pray'd on the tree;

His prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.

The sinner am I,

Who on Jesus rely,

And come for the pardon God cannot deny.

6 My pardon I claim,

For a sinner I am,

A sinner believing in Jesus's name.

He purchas'd the grace,

Which now I embrace;

O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my place.

7 His death is my plea,

My advocate see,

[me :

And hear the blood speak that hath answer'd for
Acquitted I was

When he bled on the cross,

And by losing his life he hath carry'd my cause.

H Y M N CXVII. L. M.

1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be,
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near:
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say,
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day.

3 Thee, only thee I fain would find,
And cast the world and flesh behind:
Thou, only thou to me be giv'n,
Of all thou hast in earth or heav'n.

4 When from the arm of flesh set free,
Jesu, my soul shall fly to thee:
Jesu, when I have lost my all,
I shall upon thy bosom fall.

H Y M N CXVIII. L. M.

1 **W**hom man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
eady the outcasts to receive;
Thou y simpleness I own,
And ilts to thee are known.

2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
 Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,
 An helpless soul that comes to thee,
 With only sin and misery.

3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure :
 I want, do thou enrich the poor :
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop :
 O lift the abject sinner up !

4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight !
 Lord, I am weak, be thou my might !
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee !

HYMN CXIX. C. M.

1 JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
 J Display thy saving pow'r ;
 Thy mercy let these our-casts find,
 And know their gracious hour.

2 Ah ! give them, Lord, a longer space,
 Nor suddenly consume ;
 But let them take the proffer'd grace,
 And flee the wrath to come.

3 O wouldst thou cast a pitying look
 (All goodness as thou art)
 Like that which faithless Peter's broke,
 On each obdurate heart !

4 Who thee beneath their feet have trod,
 And crucify'd afresh,
 Touch with thine all-victorio d,
 And turn the stone to fle

Open their eyes, and ears, to see
 Thy cross, to hear thy cries :
 Sinner, thy Saviour weeps for thee,
 For thee he weeps and dies.

All the day long he meekly stands
 His rebels to receive,
 And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,
 And bids you turn and live.

Turn, and your sins of deepest die
 He will with blood efface ;
 Even now he waits the blood t' apply,
 Be sav'd, be sav'd by grace.

Be sav'd from hell, from sin and fear ;
 He speaks you now forgiv'n ;
 Walk before God, be perfect here,
 And then come up to heav'n.

H Y M N CXX. 112th *Psalm.*

O GOD of good, the unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to thee !
 Who would not love thee with his might,
 O Jesu, lover of mankind ?
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,
 With all his strength to thee unite ?

Thou shin'st with everlasting rays ;
 Before the unsufferable blaze,
 Angels with both wings veil their eyes :
 Yet free as air thy bounty streams
 On all thy works : thy mercy's beams
 Diffusive as the sun's, arise.

3 Astonish'd at thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow,
 Terrible majesty is thine !
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows thee down to me, who less
 Than nothing am, till thou art mine !

4 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
 In number, weight, and measure still,
 Thou sweetly order'st all that is :
 And yet thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with thee
 Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss.

H Y M N CXXI. *Passion.*

1 O JESUS, my rest,
 How unspeakably blest
 Is the sinner that comes to be hid in thy breast

2 I come at thy call,
 At thy feet do I fall,
 And believe and confess thee my God and my Al

3 Thou art Mary's good part,
 The thing needful thou art,
 The desire of my eyes, and the joy of my hear

4 My comfort and stay,
 My life and my way,
 My crown of rejoicing in that happy day.

5 Health, pardon, and peace
 In thee I posseſs ;
 I can have nothing more, I will have nothing leſ

• 6 I stand in thy might,
 I walk in thy light,
 And all heav'n I claim in thy God-giving righ

HYMN CXXII. L. M.

For more Labourers.

- 1 JESU, thy wand'ring sheep behold !
See, Lord, with yearning bowels see,
Poor souls that cannot find the fold,
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,
In pain, and weariness, and want ;
With no kind Shepherd near to guide
The sick, and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art ;
Collect thy flock, and give them food,
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of general grace,
And great shall be the preachers' crowd :
Preachers who all the sinful race,
Point to the all-atoning blood.
- 5 Open their mouth and utterance give,
Give them a trumpet-voice to call
A world, who all may turn and live,
Through faith in him who dy'd for all.
- 6 In every messenger reveal
The grace they preach divinely free ;
That each may by thy Spirit tell,
" He dy'd for all who dy'd for me."
- 7 A double portion from above
Of that all-quick'ning Spirit impart ;
Shed forth thine universal love
In ev'ry faithful Pastor's heart.

8 Thy only glory let them seek,

O let their hearts with love o'erflow ;
Let them believe, and therefore speak,
And spread thy mercy's praise below.

H Y M N CXXIII. S. M.

Nativity-Hymn.

1 FATHER, our hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious throne,
And thank thee for the precious gift
Of thine incarnate Son ;
The gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the world thy goodness tell,
And to thy glory live.

2 JESUS the holy child
Doth by his birth declare,
That God and man are reconcil'd,
And one in him we are :
Salvation through his name
To all mankind is given,
And loud his infant-cries proclaim,
A peace 'twixt earth and heaven.

3 A peace on earth he brings,
Which never more shall end :
The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
Declares himself our friend :
Assumes our flesh and blood,
That we his Spirit may gain :
The everlasting Son of God,
The mortal Son of man.

4 His kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,

And pure benevolence and love
 O'erflow the faithful heart :
 Chang'd in a moment, we
 The sweet attraction find,
 With open arms of charity
 Embracing all mankind.

5 O might they all receive
 The new-born Prince of Peace,
 And meekly in his spirit live,
 And in his love increase !
 Till he convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
 Come, thou desire of nations, come,
 And take us up to God.

HYMN CXXIV. S. M.

For more Labourers.

1 **L**ORD of the harvest, hear
 Thy needy servants' cry,
 Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
 And all our wants supply.

2 On thee we humbly wait,
 Our wants are in thy view :
 The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
 The labourers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more
 Into thy church abroad,
 And let them speak thy word of pow'r
 As workers with their God.

4 Give the pure gospel-word,
 The word of gen'ral grace ;

There let them preach the common Lord,
Saviour of human race.

5 O let them spread thy name,
Their mission fully prove,
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming love.

H Y M N CXXV. L. M.

For a sick Person.

1 S E E, gracious Lord with pitying eyes,
Beneath thy hand a sufferer lies,
Thy mercy, not thine anger, proves ;
And sick is he whom Jesus loves.

2 His to thine own afflictions join,
Accept, exalt, and call them thine :
Thy passion which remains fulfil,
And suffer in thy members still.

3 His sickness feel, endure his pain,
His burden bear, his cross sustain :
Grieve in his griefs, and sigh his sighs,
And breathe his wishes to the skies.

4 Enter his heart, possess him whole,
Inspire and actuate his soul ;
Himself no longer let it be,
That suffers, or that lives, but thee.

5 Thyself through sufferings perfect made,
Conform him thus to thee his head ;
Refine, and raise his virtue higher,
When try'd and purify'd by fire.

6 So when his eyes behold thee near,
And thou his hidden life appear ;
Bright in thy likeness shall he shine,
And glorious all, and all divine.

REJOICING.

HYMN CXXVI. S. M.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne ;
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 But servants of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas :
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love :
 He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs
 To carry us above.

3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin !
 There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in :
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow :

Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN CXXVII. L. M.

1 **H**APPY the man that finds the grace,
 The blessing of God's chosen race,
 The wisdom coming from above,
 The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he,
 Who knows the Saviour dy'd for me,
 The gift unspeakable obtains,
 And heav'nly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine ! Who tells the price
 Of wisdom's costly merchandise ?
 Wisdom to silver we prefer,
 And gold is dross compar'd to her.

4 Her hands are fill'd with length of days,
 True riches and immortal praise :
 Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
 And honour that descends from God.

5 To purest joys she all invites,
 Chaste, holy, spiritual delights ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

6 Happy the man who wisdom gains ;
 Thrice happy who his guest retains ;
 He owns, and shall for ever own,
 Wisdom, and Christ, and heav'n are one.

H Y M N CXXVIII. C. M.

1 **H**APPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And fav'd by grace alone ;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heav'n on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know ;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne !
We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the hol'i'st leads ;
From thence our spirits rise ;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

H Y M N CXXIX. *Miss Edwin's.*

1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind :
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus ! transporting found !
The joy of earth and heav'n ;
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesu's came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love :
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears ;
 'Tis life and victory ;
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

5 Stung by the scorpion sin,
 My poor expiring soul
 The balmly sound drinks in,
 And is at once made whole ;
 See there, my Lord upon the tree !
 I hear, I feel he dy'd for me.

6 O unexampl'd love !
 O all-redeeming grace !
 How swiftly didst thou move
 To save a fallen race ;
 What shall I do to make it known,
 What thou for all mankind hast done ?

7 O for a trumpet-voice,
 On all the world to call ;
 To bid their hearts rejoice
 In him who dy'd for all !
 For all my Lord was crucify'd !
 For all, for all my Saviour dy'd !

8 To serve thy blessed will,
 Thy dying love to praise,
 Thy counsel to fulfil,
 And minister thy grace,
 Freely what I receive to give,
 The life of heav'n on earth I live.

HYMN CXXX. *Fonmon.*

1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
 Shake off thy guilty fears,
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my surety stands :
 My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood aton'd for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary :
 They pour effectual pray'rs,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive, they cry !
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed one ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear ;
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear ;
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

H Y M N CXXXI. *Passion.*

1 **M**Y God I am thine,
 What a comfort divine !
 What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine !
 In the heavenly Lamb
 Thrice happy I am, (name)
 And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of hi

2 True pleasures abound
 In the rapturous sound ;
 And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found.
 My Jesus to know,
 And feel his blood flow,
 'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heav'n below !

3 Yet onward I haste
 To the heav'ly feast ;
 That, that is the fulness ; but this is the taste ;
 And this I shall prove,
 Till with joy I remove
 To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

H Y M N CXXXII. C. M.

1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
 Unmerited and free,
 Delights our evil to remove,
 And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That fav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
 To ev'ry soul abound ;
 A vast, unfathomable sea,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plent'ous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore !

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
 A rock that cannot move ;
 A thoufand promises declare
 Thy constancy of love !

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
 Unalterably sure ;
 And while the truth of God remains,
 His goodness must endure.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Portsmouth.*

1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King,
 Your Lord and King adore ;
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n :
 Lift up, &c.

4 He sits at God's right-hand,
 Till all his foes submit :
 And bow to his command,
 And fall beneath his feet :
 Lift up, &c.

5 He all his foes shall quell,
 Shall all our sins destroy ;
 And ev'ry bosom swell
 With pure seraphic joy :
 Lift up, &c.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come ;
 And take his servants up
 To their eternal home.
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice !

HYMN CXXXIV. *Passion.*

1 **O** TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er ;
 A country I've found,
 Where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy ground
 2 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive ;

My soul don't delay,

He calls thee away,

Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know

What he can bestow, [go :

What light, strength, and comfort, go after him,

Lo, onward I move

To a country above, [prove.

None guesses how wond'rous my journey will

4 Great spoils I shall win,

From death, hell, and sin,

'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within :

And when I'm to die,

Receive me, I'll cry,

For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,

We two are so join'd,

He'll not live in glory, and leave me behind :

So this is the race,

I'm running thro' grace,

Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care,

My neighbours may share [dare ?

These blessings ; to seek them will none of you

In bondage, O why,

And death will you lie,

When one here assures you free grace is so nigh ?

H Y M N CXXXV. S. M.

1 A ND must this body die,

This well-wrought frame decay,

And must these active limbs of mine,

Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
 Be heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
 Lord, to thy dying love ;
 O may we bless thy grace below,
 And sing thy grace above.

6 Savicur, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

H Y M N CXXXVI. L. M.

1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies !
HLo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies !
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath your load :
 He bled a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for man !

But lo ! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again !
 The rising God forsakes the tomb :
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns ;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains !
 Say, "Live for ever, wond'rous King !
 "Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting ?
 "And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave !"

H Y M N CXXXVII. C. M.

1 P LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
 Beheld our helpless grief :
 He saw, and (O amazing love !)
 He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
 With joyful haste he fled ;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.

4 O ! for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break,
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold ;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN CXXXVIII. C. M.

1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
 And thou my rising-sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred blis,
 If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN CXXXIX. C. M.

1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou Sov'reign Lord of all ;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
 When virtue lies distress'd
 Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel ;
 Thou hear'st thy children's cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 Thy grace is ever nigh.

4 Thy mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere :
 Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
 And spread thy fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.

H Y M N CXL. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

COME, Holy spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys ;
 Our souls how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys !

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Father, shall we then ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN CXLI. *London.*

1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue etherial sky,
 And spangled heav'ns (a shining frame !)
 Their great original proclaim.
 The unwear'y'd sun from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's pow'r display :
 And publishes to ev'ry land,
 The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid the radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."

H Y M N. CXLII. *Chebunt.*

1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds,
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills :
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 "Rise, my love, and come away."

2 The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The warbling choir enchant's our ear ;
 Now, with sweetly-pensive moan,
 Coos the turtle dove alone.

H Y M N CXLIII. *Salisbury.*

1 **V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature-good,
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood !
 All thy pleasure I forego,
 I trample on thy wealth and pride :
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
 'Tis all but vanity :
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me !

Me to save from endless woe,
 The sin-atoning victim dy'd !
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

3 Here will I set up my rest,
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast,
 Shall never more depart :
 Whither should a sinner go ?
 His wounds for me stand open wide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end ;
 This is all my happiness
 On Jesus to depend ;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide ;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove :
 Shew the length, the breadth, and height,
 And depth of Jesu's love !
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone apply'd !
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucify'd !

H Y M N CXLIV. C. M.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High-Priest above :
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXLV. L. M.

JESUS, my All, to heav'n is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon :
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.

The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment :
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not :
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not sav'd from sin.

4 The more I strove against its pow'r,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more,
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY."

5 Lo ! glad I come ; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
 Nothing but sin I thee can give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found ;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

H Y M N CXLVI. *Brockmer's.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glories shine
 How high thy wonders rise !
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousands through the skies.
 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
 Their motions speak thy skill :
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour
 We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
 On all thy creatures writ,
 They shew the labour of thy hands,
 Or impress of thy feet.
 But when we view thy strange design
 To save rebellious worms,
 Where vengeance and compassion join
 In their divinest forms.

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a creature gues

Which of the glories brightest shone,
 The justice or the grace.
 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'ly plains,
 Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song !

Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who sweetly all agree
 To save a world of sinners lost,
 Eternal glory be.

H Y M N CXLVII. C. M.

MY God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod ?
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning sun
 Scatters his feeble light :
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon :
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
 And whilst upon my restless bed
 Among the shades I roll,
 If my Redeemer shews his head,
 'Tis morning with my soul.

5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends,
And health and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own :
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

H Y M N CXLVIII. *Savannah.*

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As we journey let us sing :
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 We are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod :
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed ! be glad,
Christ our advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land :

Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.

5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!



P R A I S E.

H Y M N CXLIX. *Tallis.*

1 **O** What shall I do my Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace!
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!
2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.
3 Their daily delight shall be in thy name,
They shall as their right thy righteousness claim:
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by
thy blood,
Bold shall they appear in the presence of God.
4 For thou art their boast, their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation that lifts up my head.
5 For Jesus my Lord is now my defence;
I trust in his word, none plucks me from thence;
Since I have found favour, he all things will do;
My King and my Saviour shall make me anew.

6 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own
 Thy secret to me shall soon be made known
 For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
 And share in the gladness of all that believe.

H Y M N CL. 113th Psalm.

1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures. .

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure !
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eye sight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind :
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distrefs,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures. .

HYMN CLI. L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd !

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,
 The sprightly man or warlike horse ?
 The piercing wit, the active limb ?
 All are too mean delights for him.

But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight !
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear ;
 And looks and loves his image there.

HYMN CLII. L. M.

HOW do thy mercies close me round !
 For ever be thy name ador'd !
 I blush in all things to abound ;
 The servant is above his Lord !

2 Innur'd to poverty and pain,
 A suff'ring life my master led ;
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,
 He had not were to lay his head.

3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd
 For me whom watchful angels keep ;
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard ;
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects ; my fears be gone ;
 What can the Rock of Ages move ?
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
 Thy everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest ?
 Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy ;
 I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take
 In time and in eternity ;
 Thou never, never wilt forsake
 A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

H Y M N CLIII. *Passion.*

1 **O** GOD of all grace,
 Thy goodness we praise ;
 Thy Son thou hast given to die in our place ;
 With joy we approve
 The design of thy love,
 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
The love of God-man,

Which the angels desire to look into in vain :

It dazzles our eyes,

Thought cannot arise,

To find out a cause why the Infinite dies.

3 Or if pity inclin'd

Him to die for mankind,

he ground of his pity what seraph can find !

He came from above

Our curse to remove : [love]

He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he would

4 Love mov'd him to die,

And on this we rely, [why :

He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell

But this we can tell,

He hath lov'd us so well,

As to lay down his life to redeem us from hell,

5 He hath ransom'd our race ;

O how shall we praise,

Or worthily sing thy unspeakable grace !

Nothing else will we know

In our journey below,

But singing thy praise to thy paradise go.

6 Nay, and when we remove

To the mansions above,

Our heav'n shall still be to sing of thy love :

When time is no more,

We still shall adore

The ocean of love without bottom or shore.

7 Ere long we shall fly
 To the regions on high,
 For Israel's strength cannot vary or lie ;
 He soon shall appear,
 He more than draws near,
 Our Jesus is come, and eternity's here.

HYMN CLIV. L. M.

1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men !
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise :
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love :
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN CLV. C. M.

1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise
 In concert with the blest,
 Who joyful in harmonious lays,
 Employ an endless rest.

2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow,
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN CLVI. *Ashley.*

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

CHORUS.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord !*

2 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound. *Glory, &c.*

3 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb !
To thee the praise belongs :
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues. *Glory, &c.*

HYMN CLVII. *Stanton.*

1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Thro' every land, by ev'ry tongue.
 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name :
 In ev'ry land begin the song,
 To ev'ry land the strains belong :
 In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN CLVIII. L. M.

1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne,
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus ;
 Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
 For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name,
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N CLIX. *Salisbury.*

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
 God whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
 Man, the well-belov'd of heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heav'ly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing,
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd :
 Hail, the everlasting Lord ;
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove
 Lord of pow'r, and God of love !

4 Christ our Lord and God we own ;
 Christ, the Father's only Son :
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's atonement thou ;
 Jesu, in thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away.

6 Pow'rful advocate with God,
 Justify us by thy blood !
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's atonement thou.

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
 With thy glorious Sire art one ;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee,
 One supreme, eternal Three.

HYMN CLX. C. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, y' immortal choir
 That fill the realms above ;
 Praise him who form'd you of his fires,
 And feeds you with his love.

2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode ;
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
 Before your brighter God.

3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night,
 To own your borrow'd rays.

4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
 Thro' the ethereal blue,
 For when his chariot is a cloud,
 He makes his wheels of you.

5 Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
 The troops of his command,
 Appear in all your dreadful forms,
 And speak his awful hand.

6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
 In your eternal roar ;
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,
 And shore reply to shore.

7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
 In scaly silver shine,
 Speak terribly, their maker, God,
 And lash the foaming brine.

8 But gentler things shall tune his name,
 To softer notes than these,
 Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
 Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
 To him that bids you grow :
 Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
 On every thankful bough.

10 Let the shrill birds his honours raise,
 And climb the morning sky ;
 While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise
 In hoarser harmony.

11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
 Ye mortals take the sound,
 Echo the glories of our King,
 Through all the nations round.

HYMN CLXI.

1 **T**HE God of Abrah'm praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above ;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love :
JEHOVAH GREAT I AM !
 By earth and heav'n confess'd :
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blest.

2 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth I rise—and seek the joys
 At his right hand ;
 I all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r :
 And him my only portion make,
 My shield and tow'r.

3 The God of Abrah'm praise,
 Whose all-sufficient grace
 Shall guide me all my happy days,
 In all my ways ;
 He calls a worm his friend !
 He calls himself my God !
 And he shall save me to the end
 Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
 I on his oath depend,
 I shall on eagles' wings up-borne,
 To heav'n ascend :
 I shall behold his face,
 I shall his pow'r adore,
 And sing the wonders of his grace
 For evermore.

HYMN CLXII. C. M.

1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty friend,
 When I begin thy praise,
 Where will the growing numbers end,
 The numbers of thy grace ?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
 Thy goodness I adore ;

Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road :
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

H Y M N CLXIII. *Shepherd of Israel.*

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

H Y M N CLXIV. C. M.

1 **W**HEN all the mercies of my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love and praise ?

2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast :

O

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
 To form themselves in pray'r.

4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul,
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

6 Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

8 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise :
 But O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN CLXV. *Epworth.*

1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,
 My redeemer from all sin,
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,
 Yearning bowels from within :
 I will praise thee :
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

3 While the angel-choirs are crying ;
 Glory to the great I AM !
 I with them would still be vying,
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesu's name !

3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
 Whence the healing streams arose ;
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder
 Dying love's mysterious cause :
 Yet the blessing
 Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
 He almighty grace hath shown ;
 Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour !
 This he makes to mortals known ;
 Give him glory,
 Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song :
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN CLXVI. C. M.

1 **H**OW happy every child of grace,
 Who knows his sins forgiv'n !
 This earth, he cries, is not my place,
 I seek my place in heav'n :

A country far from mortal fight ;
 Yet, O ! by faith I see
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,
 'The heav'n prepar'd for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heav'ly pow'rs,
 And antedate that day :
 We feel the resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.

3 O would he more of heav'n bestow,
 And let the vessels break,
 And let our ransom'd spirits go,
 To grasp the God we seek ;
 In rapt'rous awe on him to gaze,
 Who bought the fight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Through all eternity. .



TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

HYMN CLXVII. *Olney.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 C O M M I T thou all thy griefs
 And ways into his hands,
 To his sure trust and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands ;
 Who points the clouds their course,
 Whom winds and seas obey ;
 He shall direct thy wand'ring feet,
 He shall prepare thy way.

2 Thou on the Lord rely,
 So safe shalt thou go on :
 Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
 So shall thy work be done :
 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care,
 To him commend thy cause, his ear
 Attends the softest pray'r.

3 Thine everlasting truth,
 Father, thy ceaseless love
 Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
 What best for each will prove ;
 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,
 Thou dost, O King of kings ;
 What thine unerring wisdom chose,
 Thy pow'r to being brings.

3 Thou ev'ry where hast way,
 And all things serve thy might,
 Thy ev'ry act pure blessing is,
 Thy path unfully'd light.
 When thou arisest, Lord,
 What shall thy work withstand ?
 When all thy children want, thou giv'st,
 Who, who shall stay thy hand ?

HYMN CLXVIII. *Olney.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,
 Hope, and be undismay'd,
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head :
 Through waves, and clouds and storms,
 He gently clears the way ;

Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 Still heavy is thy heart,
Still sink thy spirits down ;
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And ev'ry care be gone.
What though thou rulest not,
Yet heav'n, and earth and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To chuse and to command,
So shalt thou wond'ring own his way,
How wise, how strong his hand !
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought,
That caus'd thy needless fear.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up the sinking head,
Confirm the feeble knee ;
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

H Y M N CLXIX. L. M.

1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious pow'r
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !

2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see ;
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.

3 Whither, O whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Saviour's breast,
 Secure within thy arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest ?

4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.

5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way I have not known ;
 Bring me where I my heav'n may find,
 The heav'n of loving thee alone.

6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become :
 The darkness shall be left in day !

H Y M N CLXX. *Tallis.*

JEHOVAH-JIREH, i. e. *The Lord will provide.* GEN. xxii. 14.

1 **T**HO' troubles affail, and dangers affright,
 Tho' friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite ;
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures us, *The Lord will provide.*

- 2 The birds without barn or store-house are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as it's written, The Lord will provide.
- 3 We all may, like ships, by tempest be tost
On perilous deeps, but need not be lost:
Tho' Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
Yet scripture engages, The Lord will provide.
- 4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:
We know not the way, but faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure guide,
And trust in all dangers, The Lord will provide.
- 5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith:
He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has try'd)
The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will provide.
- 6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have try'd
This answers all questions, The Lord will provide.
- 7 No strength of our own, nor goodnes we claim,
Our trust is all thrown on Jesu's name;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, The Lord will provide.
- 8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through:
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our
side, [vide.
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will pro-

HYMN CLXXI. 23d Psalm.

1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN CLXXII. C. M.

1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour :
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain :
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN CLXXIII. *Denbigh.*

1 **A** WAY, my unbelieving fear !
 Fear shall in me no more have place ;
 My Saviour doth not yet appear,
 He hides the brightness of his face :
 But shall I therefore let him go,
 And basely to the tempter yield ?
 No, in the strength of Jesus, no,
 I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
 Although the olive yield no oil,

The with'ring fig-trees droop and die,
 The fields elude the tiller's toil,
 The empty stall no herd afford,
 And perish all the bleating race,
 Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
 The God of my salvation praise.

Barren although my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin is here:
 Although my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see,
 Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
 And glory that he dy'd for me.

In hope believing against hope,
 Jesu, my Lord, my God, I claim,
 Jesu, my strength, shall lift me up,
 Salvation is in Jesu's name;
 To me he soon shall bring it nigh,
 My soul shall then out-strip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

H Y M N CLXXIV. C. M.

STILL for thy loving-kindness Lord,
 I in thy temple wait;
 I look to find thee in thy word,
 Or at thy table meet.

Here in thine own appointed ways
 I wait to learn thy will:
 Silent I stand before thy face,
 And hear thee say, "Be still!"

3 "Be still, and know that I am God!"
 'Tis all I live to know!
 To feel the virtue of thy blood,
 And spread its praise below!

4 I wait my vigour to renew,
 Thine image to retrieve:
 The veil of outward things pass through,
 And gasp in thee to live.

5 I work, and own the labour vain,
 And thus from works I cease;
 I strive; and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.

6 Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
 Must all my efforts prove;
 They cannot change a sinful heart,
 They cannot purchase love.

7 I do the things thy laws enjoin,
 And then the strife give o'er;
 To thee I then the whole resign,
 And trust in means no more.

8 I trust in him who stands between
 The Father's wrath and me;
 Jesu, thou great eternal Mean,
 I look for all from thee.

HYMN CLXXV. S. M.

PART THE FIRST.

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son:
 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r,

Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endu'd,
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Stand then against your foes,
In close and firm array :
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day ;
But meet the sons of night,
But mock their vain design,
Arm'd in the arms of heav'nly light,
Of righteousness divine.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul :
Take ev'ry virtue, ev'ry grace,
And fortify the whole :
Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed,
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your head.

HYMN CLXXVI. S. M.

PART THE SECOND.

1 **B**UT above all lay hold
On faith's victorious shield :
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
You're sure to win the field :

If faith surround your heart,
 Satan shall be subdu'd,
 Repell'd his ev'ry fiery dart,
 And quench'd with Jesu's blood.

2 Jesus hath dy'd for you !
 What can his love withstand ?
 Believe ! hold fast your shield, and who
 Shall pluck you from his hand ?
 Believe that Jesu reigns,
 All pow'r to him is giv'n :
 Believe, till freed from sin's remains :
 Believe yourselves to heav'n !

3 To keep your armour bright,
 Attend with constant care :
 Still walking in your Captain's sight,
 And watching unto pray'r ;
 Ready for all alarms,
 Steadfastly set your face,
 And always exercise your arms,
 • And use your ev'ry grace.

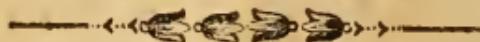
4 Pray ! without ceasing, pray,
 (Your Captain gives the word)
 His summons cheerfully obey,
 And call upon the Lord :
 To God your ev'ry want,
 In instant pray'r display ;
 Pray, always pray, and never faint,
 Pray ! without ceasing, pray.

HYMN CLXXVI. L. M.

Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added. Luke xii. 31.

- 1 PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not
Thy great Provider still is near ; [fear :
Who fed thee last will feed thee still,
Be calm, and sink into his will.
- 2 The Lord who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry ;
His promise all may freely claim,
" Ask, and receive in Jesu's name."²
- 3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be ;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he fees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs which are so small,
By God himself are number'd all ;
This truth he's publish'd all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need,
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek with anxious care,¹
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear ;
Your heav'nly Father will you feed,
He knows that all these things you need.
- 7 Without reserve give Christ your heart ;
Let him his righteousness impart ;
Then all things else he'll freely give ;
With him you all things shall receive.

8 Thus shall the soul be truly blest,
That seeks in God his only rest :
May I that happy person be,
In time and in eternity !



S U F F E R I N G.

H Y M N CLXXVIII. *Traveller.*

1 **C**OME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel ;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heav'nly place,
The saints' secure abode :
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope ;
It lifts the fainting spirits up :
It brings to life the dead !
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
 We soon with open face shall see,
 The beatific sight :
 Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

6 The Father shining on his throne,
 The glorious co- eternal Son,
 The Spirit one and sev'n,
 Conspire our rapture to complete ;
 And lo ! we fall before his feet,
 And silence heightens heav'n.

7 In hope of that ecstatic pause,
 Jesu, we now sustain the crofs,
 And at thy footstool fall,
 Till thou our hidden life reveal,
 Till thou our ravish'd spirits fill,
 And God is all in all.

HYMN CLXXIX. *Wednesbury.*

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :
 Shall join the disembody'd saints,
 And find its long-sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the crofs sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.

I suffer on my threescore years
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jefus bought for me !
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise !
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there !
 They all are rob'd in spotleſs white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet !
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away ;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

H Y M N CLXXX. *Epworth.*

1 **H**APPY soul, thy days are ended ;
 All thy mourning days below ;
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jefus, go.

2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo ! the Saviour stands above,
 Shews the purchase of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live a life of glory ;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

H Y M N CLXXXI. *Dying Stephen.*

1 **H**EAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee :
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With blest anticipation ;
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise,
 Which knows no days,
 And ever brings us nigher ;
 We clap our hands exulting
 In thine almighty favour ;
 The love divine
 Which made us thine,
 Can keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy people
Through torrents of temptation :
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
The fire of tribulation ;
The world, with sin and Satan,
In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
And sing the song of Moses.

4 By faith we see the glory
To which thou shalt restore us,
 The cross despise
 For that high prize
Which thou hast set before us :
And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

 F U N E R A L.

 H Y M N CLXXXII. *Funeral.*

1 **A** H ! lovely appearance of death,
What sight upon earth is so fair ?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare :
With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse, when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind ;
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No anger henceforward, or shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay ;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This quiet immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more ;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain :
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

The lids he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains can yield no supplies ;
These hollows from water are free :
The teats are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

2 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death :
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become !
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb !

H Y M N CLXXXIII. *Shepherd of Israel*

1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison releas'd,
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Out-flying the tempest and wind ;
His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind,
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death :
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past,
The age, that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Triumph.*

'T IS finish'd, 'tis done!
The spirit is fled,
The pris'ner is gone,
The Christian is dead:
The Christian is living
Thro' Jesus's love,
And gladly receiving
A kingdom above.
All honor and praise
Are Jesus's due:
Supported by grace,
He fought his way through,
Triumphantly glorious
Through Jesus's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er sin, death, and hell.
Then let us record
The conquering name,
Our Captain and Lord
With shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion
And follow our Head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.
O Jesus, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there:
Where dazzled with glory
The seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee,
In silence of praise.

5 Come Lord, and display,
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high :
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

HYMN CLXXXV. *Sion.*

1 **H**OSANNA to Jesus on high !
 Another has entered his rest,
 Another has 'scap'd to the sky,
 And lodg'd in Immanuel's breast :
 The soul of our father is gone,
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasp'd in the arms of his love.

2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace !
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessings ineffable meet :
 He smiles, and they faint at his sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his feet.

3 How happy the angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's name :
 The saints whom he soonest shall call,
 To share in the feast of the Lamb !

No longer imprison'd in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summon'd away—
 My merciful God—is it I?

O Jesu, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart:
 O give me a signal to know,
 If soon thou wouldest have me remov'd,
 And leaye the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions above.

H Y M N CLXXXVI. *Hamilton* ^{E.}

HAPPY who in Jesus live,
 But happier still are they
 Who to God their spirits give,
 And 'scape from earth away:
 Lord, thou read'st the panting heart,
 Lord, thou hear'st the praying sigh,
 O 'tis better to depart,
 'Tis better far to die.

Yet if so thy will ordain
 For our companions' good,
 Let us in the flesh remain,
 And meekly bear the load;
 Till we have our grief fill'd up,
 Till we all our works have done,
 Late partakers of our hope,
 And sharers of thy throne.

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3 To thy wife and gracious will
 We quietly submit,
 Waiting for redemption still,
 But waiting at thy feet :
 When thou wilt the blessing give,
 Call us up thy face to see :
 Only let thy servants live,
 And let us die to thee.



For PERSONS joined in FELLOWSHIP

H Y M N CLXXXVII. *Buith-*

1 COME away to the skies,
 My beloved, arise,
 And rejoice in the day thou wast born :
 On this festival day,
 Come exulting away,
 And with singing to Sion return.

2 We have laid up our love
 And treasure above,
 Tho' our bodies continue below :
 The redeem'd of the Lord,
 We remember his word,
 And with singing to paradise go.

3 With singing we praise
 The original grace,
 By our heav'nly Father bestow'd :
 Our being receive
 From his bounty, and live
 To the honour and glory of God.

4 For thy glory we are
Created to share,
Both the nature and kingdom divine ;
Created again,
That our souls may remain
In time and eternity thine.

5 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesu's name ;
So united in heart,
That we never can part,
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

6 There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more ?
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

7 Hallelujah we sing
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

8 In assurance of hope,
We to Jesus look up,
Till his banner unfurl'd in the air
From our graves we shall see,
And cry out, " It is he,"
And fly up to acknowledge him there.

HYMN CLXXXVIII. Derby.

1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise,

2 And press to our permanent place in the skies ;
Of heavenly birth,
Tho' wand'ring on earth,
This is not our place,

3 But strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.
At Jesus's call
We give up our all,
And still we forego;

4 For Jesus's sake, our enjoyments below ;
No longing we find
For the country behind ;
But onward we move,

And still we are seeking a country above.

5 A country of joy,
Without any alloy,
We thither repair,

Our hearts and our treasure already are there.
We march hand in hand
To Immanuel's land ;
No matter what cheer

6 We meet with on earth, for eternity's near !

7 The rougher our way,
The shorter our stay ;
The tempests that rise

8 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies ;
The fiercer the blast,
The sooner 'tis past,
The troubles that come,

9 Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.

H Y M N CLXXXIX. *Buith.*

1 COME, let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To taste of the banquet above !
If thy heart be as mine,
If for Jesus it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.

2 Who in Jesus confide,
We are bold to out-ride
The storms of affliction beneath !
With the prophet we soar
To the heavenly shore,
And out-fly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home :
By hope we the rapture improve ;
By love we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the palace of God, the great King !
What a concert of praise,
When our Jesus's grace
The whole heavenly company sing !

5 What a rapturous song,
When the glorify'd throng
In the spirit of harmony join !
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
And the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry,
 To the king of the sky,
 To the great everlasting I AM ;
 To the Lamb that was slain,
 And liveth again,
 Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
 Lo ! he dwells with his own,
 And to rivers of pleasure he leads ;
 With his mercy's full blaze,
 With the sight of his face,
 Our beatify'd spirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
 His ineffable name ;
 Our bodies his glory display ;
 A day without night.
 We feast in his sight,
 And eternity seems as a day !

H Y M N CXC. C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
 To thee for help we fly :
 Thy little flock in safety keep,
 For O the wolf is nigh !

2 He comes, of hellish malice full,
 To scatter, tear, and slay ;
 He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
 As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
 And gather with thy arm ;
 Unless the fold we first forsake,
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our Shepherd's side ;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree !
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee !

6 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die ;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

H Y M N CXCI. C. M.

1 TRY us, O God, and search the ground
Of ev'ry sinful heart ;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart !

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless ;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's crofs to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
 Receive thy ready bride ;
 Give us in heaven a happy lot
 With all the sanctify'd.

H Y M N CXCII. *Cardiff.*

1 **T**HOU God of truth and love,
 We seek thy perfect way,
 Ready thy choice t' approve,
 Thy providence t' obey,
 Enter into thy wise design,
 And sweetly lose our will in thine.

2 Why hast thou cast our lot
 In the same age and place ?
 And why together brought
 To see each other's face ;
 To join with softest sympathy ;
 And mix our friendly souls in thee ?

3 Didst thou not make us one,
 That we might one remain,
 Together travel on,
 And bear each other's pain,
 Till all thy utmost goodness prove,
 And rise renew'd in perfect love ?

4 Surely thou didst unite
 Our kindred spirits here,
 That all hereafter might
 Before thy throne appear :

Meet at the marriage of the Lamb,
And all thy glorious love proclaim.

5 Then let us ever bear
The blessed end in view,
And join with mutual care,
To fight our passage through ;
And kindly help each other on,
Till all receive the starry crown.

6 O may the Spirit seal
Our souls unto that day !
With all thy fulness fill,
And then transport away !
Away to our eternal rest,
Away to our Redeemer's breast !

H Y M N CXCHI. *Hamilton's.*

1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good,
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood !
Give us that for which he prays ;
Father, glorify thy Son ;
Shew his truth, and pow'r, and grace ;
And send the promise down.

2 True and Faithful Witness, thou,
O Christ, the spirit give !
Hast thou not receiv'd him now,
That we might now receive ?
Art thou not our living Head ?
Life to all thy Limbs impart ;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The gift of Jesus, come :
 Glows our heart to find thee near,
 And swells to make thee room :
 Present with us thee we feel,
 Come, O come, and in us be !
 With us, in us, live and dwell
 To all eternity.

H Y M N CXCIV. *Hotham.*

1 JESU, Lord, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy name agree ;
 Shew thyself the Prince of Peace ;
 Bid our jars for ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
 Ev'ry stumbling block remove ;
 Each to each unite, endear ;
 Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
 Lowly, meek in thought and word ;
 Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
 Each the other's burden bear ;
 To thy church the pattern give,
 Shew how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
 Let us thus in God abide ;
 All the depths of love express,
 All the heights of holiness.

Let us then with joy remove
 To thy family above ;
 On the wings of angels fly ;
 Shew how true believers die.

H Y M N CXCV. C. M.

1 JESU, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endear'd,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our pray'r is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke,
 A band of love, a three-fold cord,
 Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink :
 Baptize into thy name ;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.

4 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree ;
 And ever tow'rds each other move,
 And ever move tow'rds thee.

5 To thee inseparably join'd,
 Let all our spirits cleave ;
 O may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee, receive !

6 This is the bond of perfectness,
 Thy spotless charity :
 O let us still, we pray, possess
 The mind that was in thee !

7 Grant this, and then from all below
 Insensibly remove ;
 Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
 Made perfect first in love.

8 With ease our souls thro' death shall glide
 Into their paradise ;
 And thence on wings of angels ride
 Triumphant thro' the skies.

9 Yet when the fullest joy is giv'n,
 The same delight we prove ;
 In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
 Our All in All is love.

H Y M N CXCVI. *Love-Feast.*

PART THE FIRST.

1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
 Christ to praise in hymns divine !
 Give we all with one accord,
 Glory to our common Lord ;
 Hands, and hearts, and voices raise ;
 Sing as in the ancient days ;
 Ante date the joys above,
 Celebrate the feast of love.

2 Strive we, in affection strive ;
 Let the purer flame revive,
 Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
 Dying champions for their God :
 We like them may live and love ;
 Call'd we are their joys to prove ;
 Sav'd with them from future wrath,
 Partners of like precious faith.

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now as yesterday the same :
 One in ev'ry time and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace :
 We for Christ our master stand,
 Lights in a benighted land :
 We our dying Lord confess ;
 We are Jesu's witnesses.

Witnesses that Christ hath dy'd ;
 We with him are crucify'd :
 Christ hast burst the bands of death ;
 We his quick'ning Spirit breathe ;
 Christ is now gone up on high ;
 Thither all our wishes fly ;
 Sits at God's right hand above ;
 There with him we reign in love.

H Y M N CXCVII. *Foundery.*

PART THE SECOND.

COME, thou high and lofty Lord :
 Lowly, meek, incarnate word ;
 Humbly stoop to earth again ;
 Come and visit abject man !
 Jesu, dear expected guest,
 Thou art bidden to the feast ;
 For thyself our hearts prepare !
 Come, and sit, and banquet there.

Jesu, we thy promise claim :
 We are met in thy great name :
 In the midst do thou appear,
 Manifest thy presence here !

Sanctify us Lord, and bless,
 Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace :
 Thou thyself within us move !
 Make our feast a feast of love.

3 Let the fruits of grace abound ;
 Let in us thy bowels sound ;
 Faith, and love, and joy increase,
 Temperance and gentleness ;
 Plant in us thy humble mind,
 Patient, pitiful, and kind :
 Meek and lowly let us be,
 Full of goodness, full of thee.

4 Make us all in thee complete :
 Make us all for glory meet ;
 Meet t' appear before thy sight,
 Partners with the saints in light ;
 Call, O call us each by name,
 To the marriage of the Lamb :
 Let us lean upon thy breast ;
 Love be there our endless feast.

H Y M N CXCVIII. C. M.

1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all with one accord,
 In a perpetual cov'nant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord :

2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's pow'r,
 His name to glorify,
 And promise in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.

3 The cov'nant we this moment make,
 Be ever kept in mind ;

We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

4 We never will throw off his fear
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well-pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now.

5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

H Y M N CXCIX. L. M.

On admitting a NEW MEMBER.

1 **B**ROTHER in Christ, and well-belov'd,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and shew thyself approv'd ;
Enter, and find that God is here.

2 'Scap'd from the world, redeem'd from sin,
By fiends pursu'd, by men abhorr'd,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.

3 Welcome from earth !—lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give !
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesu's name receive.

4 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours ?
 Then let it burn with sacred love :
 Then let it taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
 Partaker of the joys above.

5 Jesu, attend, thyself reveal !
 'Are we not met in thy great name ?
 Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
 We wait to catch the spreading flame.

6 Thou God, that answerest by fire,
 The spirit of burning now impart,
 And let the flames of pure desire
 Rise from the altar of each heart.

7 Truly our fellowship below,
 With thee and with the Father is :
 In thee eternal life we know,
 And heav'n's unutterable bliss.

8 In part we only know thee here,
 But wait thy coming from above ;—
 And I shall then behold thee near,
 And I shall all be lost in love.

H Y M N CC. *Hotham.*

On visiting a FRIEND.

1 P E A C E be on this house bestow'd,
 Peace on all that here reside ;
 Let the unknown peace of God
 With the man of peace abide !
 Let the Spirit now come down :
 Let the blessing now take place ;
 Son of peace receive thy crown,
 Fulness of the gospel-grace.

2 Christ, my master, and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be ;
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit them, and visit me !
To this house, and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come !
Save our souls from inbred sin !
Make us thy eternal home !

3 Let us never, never rest,
Till the promise is fulfill'd :
Till we are of thee possess'd,
Pardon'd, sanctify'd, and seal'd :
Till we all, in love renew'd,
Find the pearl that Adam lost,
Temples of the living God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

H Y M N CCI. C. M.

PARTING.

1 **B**LEST be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part !
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go ;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And shew his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucify'd !

4 Closer and closer let us cleave
 To his belov'd embrace ;
 Expect his fulness to receive,
 And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

6 But let us hasten to the day,
 Which shall our flesh restore ;
 When death shall all be done away,
 And bodies part no more.

HYMN CII. *Trumpet.*

1 JESUS, accept the praise
 That to thy name belongs ;
 Matter of all our praise,
 Subject of all our songs :
 Through thee we now together came,
 And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part a while,
 But still in spirit join'd,
 To embrace the happy toil,
 Thou hast to each assign'd :
 And while we do thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.

3 O let us then go on
 In all thy pleasant ways,
 And arm'd with patience, run
 With joy the appointed race !
 Keep us and ev'ry seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heav'ly goal.

4 There we shall meet again,
When all our toils are o'er,
And death, and grief, and pain,
And parting are no more.
We shall with all our brethren rise,
And grasp thee in the flaming skies.

5 O happy, happy day,
That calls thy exiles home !
The heavens shall pass away:
The earth receive its doom :
Earth we shall view and heav'n destroy'd,
And shout above the fiery void.

6 Then let us wait the found
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace :
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd with Christ, and meet for God..

H Y M N C. M.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.

1 **A** LL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold stony heart of mine,
Jesus, to thee I flee !
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
 While thy dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted seed
 Abide and reign within ;
 And thy life-giving word forbid
 My new-born soul to sin.

5 Father, I wait before thy throne ;
 Call me a child of thine !
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son
 To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
 And make my comfort strong ;
 Then shall I say, " My Father, God ! "
 With an unwav'ring tongue.



BIRTH-DAY.

H Y M N CCIV. *Resurrection.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise ;
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days ;
 I see my natal hour return,
 And bless the day that I was born.

A clod of living earth,
 I glorify thy name,
 From whom alone my birth,
 And all my blessings came ;
 Creating and preserving grace
 Let all that is within me praise.

Long as I live beneath,
 To thee, O let me live ;
 To thee my ev'ry breath
 In thanks and praises give !
 Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
 Shall magnify my Maker's name.

My soul and all its pow'rs,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be ;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee :
 Me to thine image now restore,
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

I wait thy will to do,
 As angels do in heav'n ;
 In Christ a creature new,
 Eternally forgiv'n ;
 I wait thy perfect will to prove,
 All sanctify'd by sinless love.

Then when the work is done,
 The work of faith with pow'r,
 Receive thy favour'd son
 In death's triumphant hour :
 Like Moses to thyself convey,
 And kiss my raptur'd soul away.

HYMN CCV. *Buith.*

1 **A** WAY with our fears,
 The glad morning appears,
 When an heir of salvation was born !
 From Jehovah I came,
 For his glory I am,
 And to him I with singing return.

2 Thee, Jesus, alone,
 The fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here ;
 And cheerfully sing
 My Redeemer and King,
 Till his signs in the heavens appear.

3 With thanks I rejoice
 In thy fatherly choice,
 Of my state and condition below ;
 If of parents I came
 Who honour'd thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

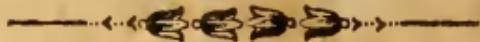
4 I sing of thy grace,
 From my earliest days,
 Ever near to allure and defend ;
 Hitherto thou hast been
 My preserver from sin,
 And I trust thou wilt save to the end.

5 O the infinite cares,
 And temptations, and snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O the blessing bestow'd
 By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new ;

What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss,
 How unspeakably happy am I !
 Gather'd into the fold,
 With thy people enroll'd,
 With thy people to live and to die !
 O the goodness of God,
 In employing a clod
 His tribute of glory to raise !
 His standard to bear,
 And with triumph declare
 His unspeakable riches of grace !
 O the fathomless love,
 That has deign'd to approve
 And prosper the work of my hands !
 With my pastoral crook
 I went over the brook,
 And behold ! I am spread into bands.
 Who, I ask, in amaze,
 Has begotten me these ?
 And enquire from what quarter they came ?
 My full heart it replies,
 They are born from the skies,
 And gives glory to God and the Lamb.
 All honour and praise
 To the Father of grace,
 To the Spirit, and Son, I return :
 The businesse pursue
 He hath made me to do,
 And rejoice that I ever was born.
 In a rapture of joy
 My life I employ,
 The God of my life to proclaim :

'Tis worth living for this,
To administer bliss,
And salvation in Jesus's name.

12 My remnant of days
I spend in his praise,
Who dy'd the whole world to redeem;
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!



B A C K S L I D E R.
H Y M N C C V I. *Builth.*

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

1 **H**OW happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue cannot express,
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas an heaven below
My Saviour to know;
The angels could do nothing more
Than fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song ;
 O, that all his salvation might see !
 He hath lov'd me, I cry'd,
 He hath suffer'd and dy'd,
 To reclaim such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justify'd I,
 Nor envy'd Elijah his seat :
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possest,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

H Y M N CCVII. *Builth.*

PART THE SECOND.

A H ! where am I now ?
 When was it or how.
 That I fell from my heaven of grace ?
 I am brought into thrall,
 I am stript of my All,
 I am banish'd from Jesus's face.

2 Hardly yet do I know
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside,
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3 But I felt it too soon,
That my Saviour was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight ;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day it was turn'd into night.

4 Only pride could destroy
That innocent joy,
And make my Redeemer depart :
But whate'er was the cause,
I lament the sad loss,
For the veil is come over my heart.

5 Ah ! wretch that I am !
I can only exclaim,
Like a devil tormented within,
My Saviour is gone,
And has left me alone,
To the fury of Satan and sin.

6 Nothing now can relieve,
Without comfort I grieve,
I have lost all my peace and my pow' ;
No access do I find
To the friend of mankind :
I can ask for his mercy no more.

7 Tongue cannot declare
The torment I bear,
(While no end of my troubles I see)

Only Adam could tell
 On the day that he fell,
 And was turn'd out of Eden like me;
 8 Driven out from my God,
 I wander abroad,
 Thro' a desert of sorrows I rove ;
 And how great is my pain,
 That I cannot regain
 My Eden of Jesus's love !

9 I never shall rise
 To my first paradise,
 Or come my Redeemer to see ?
 But I feel a faint hope,
 That at last he will stoop,
 And his pity shall bring him to me.

HYMN CCVIII. *Funeral.*

1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain,
 Recover his forfeited peace ?
 When brought into bondage again,
 What hope of a second release ?
 Will mercy itself be so kind
 To spare such a rebel as me ?
 And O ! can I possibly find
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?

2 O Jesus, of thee I require,
 If still thou art able to save,
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,
 And ransom my soul from the grave,
 The help of thy Spirit restore,
 And shew me the life-giving blood,
 And pardon a sinner once more,
 And bring me again unto God.

3 O Jesu, in pity draw near,
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,
 To comfort a mourner appear,
 And make a poor Lazarus whole :
 The balm of thy mercy apply,
 (Thou seest the sore anguish I feel)
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,
 O save, or I sink into hell !

4 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show ;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The pow'r of thy passion below.
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore ;
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The sinner a sinner no more.

H Y M N CCIX. 12th Psalm.

For the Morning.

1 **W**HERE is my God, my joy, my hope,
 The dear desire of nations, where ?
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up,
 To thee directs her morning pray'r ;
 And spreads her arms of faith abroad,
 T' embrace my hope, my joy, my God !

2 Mine eyes prevent the morning-ray,
 Looking, and longing for thy word ;
 Come, O my Jesus, come away,
 And let my heart receive its Lord ;
 Which pants and struggles to be free,
 And breaks to be detain'd from thee.

3 Appear in me, bright Morning-Star,
And scatter all the shades of night !
I saw thee once, and came from far,
But quickly lost thy transient light !
And now again in darkness pine,
Till thou throughout my nature shine.

4 In patient hope I now take heed
To the sure word of promis'd grace,
Whose rays a feeble lustre shed,
Faint glimmering thro' the darksome place ;
Till thou thy glorious light impart,
And rise the Day-Star in my heart.

5 Come, Lord, be manifested here,
And all the devil's works destroy ;
Now without sin in me appear,
And fill with everlasting joy :
Thy beatific face display,
Thy presence is the perfect day.

A PARENT'S PRAYER.

H Y M N CCX. C. M.

1 G O D only wise, almighty, good,
Send forth thy truth and light,
To point us out the narrow road,
And guide our steps aright :
2 To steer our dang'rous course between
The rocks on either hand :
And fix us in the golden mean,
And bring our charge to land.

3 Made apt by thy sufficient grace
 To teach as taught by thee,
 We come to train in all thy ways,
 Our rising progeny.

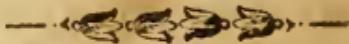
4 Their selfish will in time subdue,
 And mortify their pride ;
 And lend their youth a sacred clew
 To find the crucify'd !

5 We would in ev'ry step look up,
 By thy example taught,
 To alarm their fear, excite their hope,
 And rectify their thought.

6 We would persuade their hearts t' obey,
 With mildest zeal proceed ;
 And never take the harsher way,
 When love will do the deed.

7 For this we ask, in faith sincere,
 The wisdom from above,
 To touch their hearts with filial fear,
 And pure, ingenuous love !

8 To watch their will to sense inclin'd,
 Withhold the hurtful food ;
 And gently bend their tender mind,
 And draw their souls to God.



NATIVITY.

HYMN CCXI. *Buith.*

1 **A** LL hail ! happy day,
 When enrob'd in our clay,
 The Redeemer appear'd upon earth :

1 How can we refrain
 For to join the glad strain,
 And to hail our Immanuel's birth ?

2 How boundless that love,
 First begotten above,
 And thro' Jesus to sinners made known !
 Lift, lift up the voice,
 And exulting rejoice,
 For Jehovah to earth is come down.

3 Ye angels of God,
 Sound his praises abroad,
 And acknowledge him JAH, the I AM ;
 We also will join
 In a hymn so divine,
 Giving glory to God and the Lamb.

4 To Christ we will sing,
 As our High-Priest and King,
 And our Prophet to teach us the road :
 But more than all this,
 For almighty he is,
 And we own him our crucify'd God.

5 To Jesus's praise
 Let us spend all our days,
 For 'tis he who our surety hath stood :
 He sojourned below,
 That his mercy might flow,
 And he purchas'd our pardon with blood.

6 O may the return
 Of this once blessed morn,
 Be for ever remember'd with joy !
 Sweet accents of praise
 All our voices shall raise,
 Hallelujahs shall be our employ !

7 Let echo prolong
The harmonious song,
Hallelujahs again and again :
He kindles the fire,
Whom the nations desire,
And to him we devote the glad strain.

8 Blest Jesus, while we
Pay our tribute to thee,
Let us worship, admire and adore :
Accept as thy crown,
What before was thy own,
Hallelujahs and praise evermore.

H Y M N CCXII. *Salisbury.*

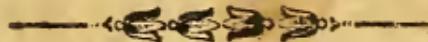
1 HARK ! the herald-angels sing,
" Glory to the new-born King ;
" Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
" God and sinners reconcil'd."
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
" Christ is born in Bethlehem."

2 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb :
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity !
Pleas'd as man with men t' appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace.
Hail the Sun of righteousness !

Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings ;
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die :
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Come, desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :
 Adam's likeness now efface,
 Stamp thine image in its place ;
 Second Adam from above,
 Reinstate us in thy love.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

HYMN CCXIII. *Lenox,*

THE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days ;
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet doth he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.

3 When justice bar'd the sword
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd, let it still alone !
 The Father mild inclines his ear,
 And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesu, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo, we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound ;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

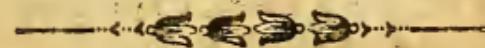
H Y M N CCXIV. *Cornish.*

1 SING to the great Jehovah's praise !
 All praise to him belongs ;
 Who kindly lengthens out our days,
 Demands our choicest songs,
 Whose providence has brought us through
 Another various year :
 We all with vows, and anthems new,
 Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy mercies past we own,
 Thy still continued care ;
 To thee presenting, thro' thy Son,
 Whate'er we have, or are ;

Our lips and lives shall gladly show
 The wonders of thy love,
 While on in Jesu's steps we go
 To seek thy face above.

Our residue of days or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine shall be,
 And all our consecrated pow'rs
 A sacrifice to Thee,
 Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiven,
 And bring the grand sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heaven.



GOOD-FRIDAY.

HYMN CCXV. C. M.

A LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 And did my Sov'reign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groan'd upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in ;
 When Christ the mighty maker dy'd
 For man the creature's sin !

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears :
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe ;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away ;
 'Tis all that I can do.



HYMN CCXVI. C. M.

A Prayer for Faith.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know :
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah ! whither shall I go ?

2 What did thy only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath !
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death !

3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy pow'r ;
 Now my poor soul thou wouldest retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes,
 O let me now receive that gift ;
 My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die ;
 O speak, and I shall live !
 And here I will unweary'd lie ;
 Till thou thy Spirit give.

5 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face ;
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace !

HYMN CCXVII. S. M.

Sincere Praise.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How glorious is thy name !
 Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad
 Throughout creation's frame !

2 In native white and red,
 The rose and lily stand,
 And free from pride their beauties spread,
 To show thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky
 With unambitious song,
 And bears her Maker's praise on high,
 Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
 To my Creator too ;
 Fain would my heart adore my King,
 And give him praises due.

5 But pride that busy sin,
 Spoils all that I perform ;
 Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
 And swells a haughty worm.

6 Thy glories I abate,
 Or praise thee with design,
 Part of thy favours I forget,
 Or think the merit mine.

T

7 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain ;
 This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
 Till it be form'd again.

8 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above !
 Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice of love.

9 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God my soul ascend,
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

H Y M N CCXVIII. *Tallis.*

1 **Y**E heavens rejoice in Jesus's grace,
 Let earth make a noise and echo hi
 praise ;
 Our all-loving Saviour hath pacify'd God,
 And paid for his favour the price of his blood

2 Ye mountains and vales, in praises abound,
 Ye hills and ye dales, continue the sound :
 Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood
 For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God.

3 Atonement he made for every one,
 The debt he hath paid, the work he hath done
 Shout all the creation below and above,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus's love.

4 His mercy hath brought salvation to all,
 Who take it unbought he frees them from
 thrall,
 Throughout the believer his glory displays,
 And perfects for ever the vessels of grace.

HYMN CCIX. L. M.

Inconstancy.

LORD Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?

Here I repent and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which Oh! too often wounds my heart.

O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone?

Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force;
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By thee my way, to thee my end.

HYMN CCXX. S. M.

A Morning Hymn.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error, and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

3 How beauteous nature now !
 How dark and sad before !
 With joy we view the pleasing change,
 And nature's God adore.

4 O may no gloomy crime
 Pollute the rising day,
 Or Jesu's blood, like ev'ning dew,
 Wash all the stains away.

5 May we this life improve,
 To mourn for errors past,
 And live this short revolving day,
 As if it were our last.

6 To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit one in three,
 Be glory as it was, is now,
 And shall for ever be.

HYMN CCXXI. C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

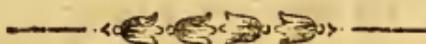
1 **A** LL praise to him who dwells in bliss,
 Who made both day and night ;
 Whose throne is darkness in the abyss
 Of uncreated light.

2 Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
 With strictest search survey ;
 The deepest shades no more disguise
 Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
 No evil shall molest :
 Under the shadow of thy wings
 Shall they securely rest :

Thy angels shall around their beds
 Their constant stations keep :
 Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
 For thou dost never sleep.

May we with calm and sweet repose,
 And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
 Our eye-lids with the morn's uncloise,
 And bless thee, ever bleſſ'd.



SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN CCXXII. *Welsb.*

1 IN that sad memorable night,
 When Jesus was for us betray'd,
 He left his death recording rite,
 He took and bleſſ'd and brake the bread,
 And gave his own their last bequest,
 And thus his love's intent express'd :

2 Take, eat, this is my body given,
 To purchase life and peace for you,
 Pardon and holiness and heaven ;
 Do this, my dying love to shew,
 Accept your precious legacy,
 And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
 To crown the sacramental feast,
 And full of kind concern look'd up,
 And gave what he to them had bleſſ'd ;
 And drink ye all of this, he said,
 In solemn mem'ry of the dead.

4 This is my blood which seals the new
 Eternal cov'nant of my grace,
 My blood so freely shed for you,
 For you and all the sinful race ;
 My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,
 And justifies your claim to heaven.

HYMN CCXXIII. S. M.

1 LET all who truly bear
 The bleeding Saviour's name,
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the Paschal Lamb :
 Our passover was slain
 At Salem's hallow'd place,
 Yet we who in our tents remain,
 Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast
 Our every want supplies,
 And still we by his death are blest,
 And share his sacrifice :
 By faith his flesh we eat
 Who here his passion show,
 And God out of his holy seat
 Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ
 His sufferings to record,
 Ev'n now we mourfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord ;
 As though we ev'ry one
 Beneath his cross had stood,
 And seen him lieve and heard him groan,
 And felt his gushing blood.

O God ! 'tis finish'd now !
 The mortal pang is past !
 By faith his head we see him bow,
 And hear him breathe his last !
 We too with him are dead,
 And shall with him arise,
 The cross on which he bows his head,
 Shall lift us to the skies.

H Y M N CCXXIV. *Hamilton's.*

ROCK of Israel, cleft for me,
 For us, for all mankind,
 See, thy feeblest followers see,
 Who call thy death to mind ;
 Sion is the very land ;
 Us beneath thy shade receive,
 Grant us in the cleft to stand,
 And by thy dying live,

2 In this howling wilderness,
 On Calvary's steep top,
 Made a curse, our souls to blefs,
 Thou once wast lifted up ;
 Stricken there by Moses' rod,
 Wounded by a deadly blow,
 Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd
 The thirsty world below.

3 Rivers of salvation still
 Along the desert roll,
 Rivers to refresh and heal
 The fainting, sinking soul,

Still the fountain of thy blood
 Stands for sinners open'd wide,
 Now, e'en now, my Lord, and God,
 I wash me in thy side.

4 Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
 And drink the purple wave ;
 This is the antidote of sin,
 'Tis this our souls shall save :
 With the life of Jesus fed,
 Lo ! from strength to strength we rise,
 Follow'd by our Rock, and led
 To meet him in the skies.

H Y M N CCXXV. L. M.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee
 With lowly thankful hearts we praise,
 Author of this great mystery,
 Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred true effectual sign,
 Thy body and thy blood it shows,
 The glorious instrument divine
 Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace,
 Thy pard'ning mercy we receive :
 The bread doth visibly express
 The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
 And eat the bread so freely given,
 Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,
 And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

H Y M N CCXXVI. C. M.

O THOU, who this mysterious bread
 Didst in Emmaus break,
 Return herewith our souls to feed,
 And to thy followers speak.

Unseal the volume of thy grace,

Apply the gospel-word,

Open our eyes to see thy face,

Our hearts to know thee, Lord.

Of thee we commune still, and mourn

Till thou the veil remove,

Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn,

With flames of fervent love.

¶ Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,

And make thy mercy known,

And give our pardon'd souls to feel

That God and love are one.

H Y M N CCXXVII. C. M.

1 JESUS, at whose supreme command

We thus approach to God,

Before us in thy vesture stand,

Thy vesture dipt in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,

We break the hallow'd bread,

Commemorate our dying Lord,

And trust on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyself reveal,

And make thy nature known,

Affix the sacramental seal,

And stamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love
 O let us all receive,
 And feel the quick'ning spirit move,
 And sensibly believe.

5 The cup of blessing blest by thee,
 Let it thy blood impart ;
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 And cheer each languid heart.

6 The grace which sure salvation brings,
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Satiate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.

H Y M N . CCXXVIII. *Plymouth.*

1 **W**HO is this that comes from far,
 Clad in garments dipt in blood ?
 Strong triumphant traveller,
 Is he man, or is he God ?

2 “ I that speak in righteousness,
 Son of God and man I am,
 “ Mighty to redeem your race :
 “ Jesu is your Saviour’s name.”

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
 Dy’d as in a crimson sea ?
 They that in a wine-vat tread,
 Are not stain’d so much as thee.

4 “ I the Father’s fav’rite Son,
 “ Have the dreadful wine-pres’ trod,
 “ Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
 “ All the fiercest wrath of God.”

H Y M N CCXXIX. *Plymouth,*

JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,
In thine ordinance appear,
Come and meet thy followers here.

In the rite thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find ;
Drink thy blood, for sinners shed,
Taste thee in the broken bread.

Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pard'ning grace declare ;
Thou that hast for sinners dy'd,
Shew thyself the crucify'd !

All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

H Y M N CCXXX. S. M.

JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word,
Here in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord.

2 The way thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear :
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

3 Whate'er the Almighty can
To pardon'd sinners give,
The fulness of our God made man
We here with Christ receive.

EXHORTING AND BESEECHING
RETURN TO GOD.HYMN CCXXXI. *Tallis.*

1 **O** ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw nea
He utters a cry, ye sinners, give ear !
From hell to retrieve you he spreads out h
hands :
Now, now to receive you, he graciously stand

2 If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me ;
May drink of my spirit (excepted is none)
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own

3 Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord,
In him a pure river of life shall arise,
Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.

4 My God, and my Lord ! thy call I obey ;
My soul on thy word of promise I stay :
Thy kind invitation I gladly embrace,
Athirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

5 O hasten the hour ! send down from above
The spirit of power, of health, and of love
Of filial fear, of knowledge and grace ;
Of wisdom, of prayer, of joy, and of praise

6 The spirit of faith, of faith in thy blood,
 Which saves us from wrath, and brings us to
 God ;
 Removes the huge mountain of indwelling sin,
 And opens a fountain that washes us clean.

HYMN CCXXXII. *Tallis.*

1 **T**HY faithfulness, Lord, each moment we
 find,
 So true to thy word, so loving and kind !
 Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
 The foulest offender may turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I shew :
 I set to my seal that Jesus is true :
 Ye all may find favour, who come at his call ;
 O come to my Saviour : his grace is for all.

3 To save what was lost from heaven he came ;
 Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name !
 He offers you pardon, he bids you be free !
 If sin be your burden, O come unto me !

4 O let me commend my Saviour to you,
 The publican's friend, and advocate too :
 For you he is pleading his merits and death,
 With God interceding for sinners beneath.

5 Then let us submit his grace to receive,
 Fall down at his feet, and gladly believe ;
 We all are forgiven for Jesus's sake :
 Our title to heaven his merit we make.

U

*Describing the Pleasantness of Religion.*H Y M N CCXXXIII. *Triumph.*

1 **R**EJOICE evermore with angels above,
In Jesu's pow'r, in Jesu's love :
With glad exultation your triumph proclaim
Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb !

2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast been
Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us from sin
The pow'r of thy Spirit hath set our hearts free
And now we inherit all fulness in thee.

3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
And spiritual bliss that never shall cloy,
To us it is given in Jesus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join, while sinners invite,
Nor envy the swine their brutish delight ;
Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all vain
Their laughter is madness, their pleasure is pain.

5 O might they at last with sorrow return,
The pleasures to taste for which they were born
Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. *Dedication.*

1 **W**EARY souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucify'd,
Fly to those dear wounds of his :
Sink into the purple flood ;
Rise into the life of God !

Find in Christ the way of peace,
 Peace unspeakable, unknown ;
 By his pain he gives you ease,
 Life by his expiring groan ;
 Rise exalted by his fall,
 Find in Christ your all in all.
 ; O believe the record true,
 God to you his Son hath given !
 Ye may now be happy too :
 Find on earth the life of heaven ;
 Live the life of heaven above,
 All the life of glorious love.
 ; This the universal bliss,
 Bliss for every soul design'd :
 God's original promise this,
 God's great gift to all mankind :
 Blest in Christ this moment be !
 Blest to all eternity !

H Y M N CCXXXV. *Kingswood.*

Describing of Judgment.

1 **S**TAND th' omnipotent decree !
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan :
 Let this earth dissolve and blend
 In death the wicked and the just,
 Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust.
 2 Rests secure the righteous man :
 At his Redeemer's beck,
 Sure to emerge and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck.

Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flames o'er nature's fun'ral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,

And claps his wings of fire !

3. Nothing hath the just to lose

By worlds on worlds destroy'd,

For beneath his feet he views

With smiles the flaming void ;

Sees this universe renew'd,

The grand millenial year begun ;

Shouts with all the sons of God

Around th' eternal throne !

4. Resting in this glorious hope

To be at last restor'd,

Yield we now our bodies up

To earthquake, plague, or sword,

Lift'ning for the call divine,

The latest trumpet of the seven ;

Soon our soul and dust shall join,

And both fly up to heaven.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. *Funeral.*

Describing of Heaven.

1. **I** LONG to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above,
The King in his beauty display'd,
His beauty of holiest love :
I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fix'd his abode ;
O when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God !

2. With him I on Sion shall stand
(For Jesus hath spoken the word)

The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord :
 But when on thy bosom reclin'd
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fulnes of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.
 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness nor sorrow shall prove ;
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgivenes and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

H Y M N CCXXXVII. *Bexley.*

Praying for a Blessing.

THOU Son of God, whose flaming eyes
 Our inmost thoughts perceive,
 Accept the evening-sacrifice,
 Which now to thee we give.
 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 And think ourselves sincere :
 But shew us, Lord, is every one
 Thy real worshipper ?
 Is here a soul that knows thee not,
 Nor feels his want of thee ?
 A stranger to the blood which bought
 His pardon on the tree ?
 Convince him now of unbelief,
 His desperate state explain :
 And fill his heart with sacred grief,
 And penitential pain.

5 Speak with that voice which wakes the dead,
 And bid the sleeper, rise,
 And bid his guilty conscience dread
 The death that never dies.

6 Extort the cry, What must be done
 To save a wretch like me?
 How shall a trembling sinner shun
 That endless misery?

7 I must this instant now begin
 Out of my sleep to wake;
 And turn to God, and ev'ry sin
 Continually forsake.

8 I must for faith incessant cry,
 And wrestle, Lord, with thee!
 I must be born again or die
 To all eternity!

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. *Aldrich.*

1 **C**OME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy pow'r to us make known:
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break these hearts of stone.

2 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn!
 And turn at once from ev'ry sin,
 And to the Saviour turn.

3 Give us ourselves and thee to know
 In this our gracious day;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.

4 Conclude us first in unbelief,
 And freely then release;

Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.

5 Impoverish, Lord, and then relieve,
And then enrich the poor ;
The knowledge of our sickness give,
The knowledge of our cure.

6 That blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load ;
Trouble and wash the troubled heart
In the atoning blood.

7 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven :
By perfect holiness prepare,
And take us up to heaven.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Wenue.**Describing Formal Religion.*

1 LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain ;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd in vain.

2 Oft did I with th' assembly join,
And near thy altar drew,
A form of godliness was mine,
The pow'r I never knew.

3 I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design ;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

4 To please thee thus, at length I see,
Vainly I hop'd and strove :
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?

5 I see the perfect law requires
 Truth in the inward parts ;
 Our full consent, our whole desires,
 Our undivided hearts.

6 But I of means have made my boast,
 Of means an idol made :
 The spirit in the letter lost,
 The substance in the shade.

7 Where am I now, or what my hope ?
 What can my weakness do ?
 Jesus, to thee my soul looks up ;
 'Tis thou must make it new.

H Y M N CCXL. *Bexley.*

For Mourners convinced of Sin.

1 G O D is in this and ev'ry place ;
 But O how dark and void
 To me ! 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth, without my God.

2 Empty of him who all things fills,
 Till he his light impart ;
 Till he his glorious self reveals,
 The veil is on my heart.

3 O thou who seest and knowest my grief,
 Thyself unseen, unknown,
 Pity my helpless unbelief,
 And take away the stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
 The long-sought blessing give :
 And bid me at the point to die,
 Behold thy face and live.

A darker soul did never yet
Thy promis'd help implore :
O that I now my Lord might meet,
And never lose him more !
Now, Jesus, now the Father's love
Shed in my heart abroad ;
The middle wall of sin remove,
And let me into God.

H Y M N CCXLI. *Fetter-Lane.*

For Mourners brought to the Birth.

THOU hidden God, for whom I groan,
Till thou thyself declare ;
God inaccessible, unknown,
Regard a sinner's pray'r :
A sinner welt'ring in his blood,
Unpurg'd and unforgiv'n ;
Far distant from the living God,
As far as hell from heav'n.
An unregen'rate child of man,
To thee for faith I call :
Pity thy fall'n creature's pain,
And raise me from my fall !
The darkness which thro' thee I feel,
Thou only canst remove ;
Thy own eternal pow'r reveal,
The Deity of Love !
Thou hast in unbelief shut up,
That grace may let me go ;
In hope believing against hope,
I wait the truth to know,
Thou wilt in me reveal thy name,
Thou wilt thy light afford :

Bound and oppress'd, yet thine I am,
The prisoner of the Lord.

7 I would not to thy foe submit;
I hate the tyrant's chain;
Send forth thy prisoner from the pit,
Nor let me cry in vain.

8 Shew me the blood that bought my peace,
The cov'nant blood apply,
And all my griefs at once shall cease,
And all my sins shall die.

9 Now, Lord, if thou art pow'r, desaend;
The mountain sin remove;
My unbelief and troubles end,
If thou art truth and love!

10 Speak Jesu, speak into my heart,
What thou for me hast done;
One grain of living faith impart,
And God is all my own.

H Y M N CCXLII. *Pudsey.*

Convinced of Backsliding.

1 **T**HOU man of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst thyself forget,
Thy last mysterious agony,
Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat!

2 When wrestling in the strength of prayer,
Thy spirit sunk beneath its load,
Thy feeble flesh abhor'd to bear
The wrath of an Almighty God.

3 Father, if I may call thee so,
Regard my fearful heart's desire,

Remove this load of guilty woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire !
 I tremble, left the wrath divine,
 Which bruises now my wretched soul,
 Should bruise this wretched soul of mine
 Long as eternal ages roll.
 To thee my last distress I bring !
 The heightened fear of death I find ;
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind.
 I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from thee :
 O save and give me to thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me.

H Y M N CCXLIII. *Dedication*

For Mourners Recovered.

JESU, Shepherd of the sheep,
 Pity my unsettled soul ;
 Guide, and nourish me and keep,
 Till thy love shall make me whole :
 Give me, perfect soundness give,
 Make me steadfastly believe.
 I am never at one stay ;
 Changing ev'ry hour I am :
 But thou art as yesterday,
 Now and evermore the same ;
 Constancy to me impart,
 'Stablish with thy grace my heart.
 Lay thy weighty cross on me,
 All my unbelief controul :
 Till the rebel cease to be,
 Keep him down within my soul.

That he never more may move,
Root and ground me fast in love.

4 Give me faith to hold me up,
Walking over life's rough sea ;
Holy, purifying hope
Still my soul's sure anchor be ;
That I may be always thine,
Perfect me in love divine.

H Y M N CCXLIV. *Hamilton's.*

1 **O** FT I in my heart have said,
Who shall ascend on high,
Mount to Christ my glorious head,
And bring him from the sky ?
Borne on contemplation's wing,
Surely I shall find him there,
Where the angels praise their king,
And gain the morning-star.

2 Oft I in my heart have said,
Who to the deep shall stoop,
Sink with Christ among the dead
From thence to bring him up ?
Could I but my heart prepare
By unfeign'd humility,
Christ would quickly enter there,
And ever dwell with me.

3 But the righteousness of faith
Hath taught me better things ;
Inward turn thine eyes" (it faith,
While Christ to me it brings.)

1 Christ is ready to impart
 “ Life to all, for life who sigh ;
 “ In thy mouth, and in thy heart
 “ The word is ever nigh.”

H Y M N CCXLV. *Olney.*

For Believers Fighting.

O May thy powerful word
 Inspire a feeble worm,
 To rush into thy kingdom, Lord,
 And take it as by storm !

O may we all improve
 The grace already given,
 To seize the crown of perfect love,
 And scale the mount of heaven !

H Y M N CCXLVI. *Sheffield.*

For Believers Praying.

1 O Wond’rous power of faithful prayer !
 What tongue can tell th’ almighty grace !
 God’s hands or bound or open are,

As Moses or Elijah prays ;
 Let Moses in the Spirit groan,
 And God cries out, “ Let me alone !

2 “ Let me alone that all my wrath
 “ May rise, the wicked to consume !
 “ While Justice hears thy praying faith,
 “ It cannot seal the sinner’s doom ;
 “ My Son is in my servant’s pray’r,
 “ And Jesu forces me to spare.”

3 O blessed word of gospel-grace,
 Which now we for our Israel plead !
 A faithless and backsliding race,
 Whom thou hast out of Egypt freed ;

O do not then in wrath chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise !

4 Father ! we ask in Jesu's name,

In Jesu's pow'r and spirit pray,
Divert thy vengeful thunder's aim !

O turn thy threat'ning wrath away !

Our guilt and punishment remove,

And magnify thy pard'ning love !

5 Father ! regard thy pleading Son,

Accept his all-availing prayer,
And send a peaceful answser down,

In honour of our spokesman there,

Whose blood proclaims our sins forgiven,
And speaks thy rebels up to heaven.

H Y M N CCXLVII. *Islington.*

For Believers Watching.

1 PIERCE, fill me with an humble fear
My utter helplessness reveal :

Satan and sin are always near,

Thee may I always nearer feel.

2 O ! that to thee my constant mind

Might with an even flame aspire ;

Pride in its earliest motions find,

And mark the risings of desire.

3 O ! that my tender soul might fly

The first abhor'd approach of ill ;

Quick as the apple of an eye

The slightest touch of sin to feel !

4 Till thou anew my soul create,

Still may I strive, and watch, and pray,

Humbly and confidently wait,

And long to see the perfect day.

HYMN CCXLVIII. 23d Psalm.

For Believers Working.

1 **W**HEN quiet in my house I sit,
Thy book be my companion still;
My joy, thy sayings to repeat,
Talk o'er the records of thy will;
And search the oracles divine,
Till ev'ry heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious words divine
Subject of all my converse be;
So will the Lord his follower join,
And walk and talk himself with me;
So shall my heart his presence prove,
And burn with everlasting love.

3 Oft as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While on the bosom of my Lord
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day!

4 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long,
And let thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue;
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to thy church above.

HYMN CCXLIX. *Marienbourn.**For Believers Suffering.*

1 **M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim,
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be;
Thou seest at last I willing am,
Where'er thou go'st to follow thee;

Myself in all things to deny :
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,

For thee I cheerfully forego ;

My covetous and vain desires,

My hopes of happiness below ;

My senses' and my passions' food,

And all my thirst for creature good.

3 Pleasure, and wealth, and praise no more

Shall lead my captive soul astray ;

My fond pursuits I all give o'er,

Thee, only thee resolv'd t' obey ;

My own in all things to resign,

And know no other will but thine.

4 All pow'r is thine in earth and heaven ;

All fulness dwells in thee alone ;

Whate'er I have was freely giv'n ;

Nothing but sin I call my own :

Other propriety disclaim :

Thou only art the great I AM.

5 Wherefore to thee I all resign ;

Being thou art, and Love, and Pow'r ;

Thy only will be done, not mine !

Thee, Lord, let earth and heav'n adore !

Flow back the rivers to the sea,

And let our all be lost in thee !

H Y M N CCL. *Kingswood.*

1 C AST on the fidelity

Of my redeeming Lord,

I shall his salvation see

According to his word :

Credence to his word I give,

My Saviour in distresses past
Will not now his servant leave,

But bring me through at last.

Better than my boding fears

To me thou oft hast prov'd ;
Oft observ'd my silent tears,

And challeng'd thy belov'd :

Mercy to my rescue flew,

And death ungrasp'd his fainting prey ;

Pain before thy face withdrew,

And sorrow fled away.

Now as yesterday the same,

In all my troubles nigh,

Jesus, on thy word and name

I steadfastly rely :

Sure as now the grief I feel,

The promis'd joy I soon shall have ;

Sav'd again, to sinners tell

Thy power and will to save.

To thy blessed will resign'd,

And stay'd on that alone,

I thy perfect strength shall find,

Thy faithful mercies own ;

Compas'd round with songs of praise,

My all to my Redeemer give ;

Spread thy miracles of grace,

And for thy glory live.

H Y M N CCLI. *Welling.*

T HOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,

For thee my thirsty soul doth pine !

My longing heart implores thy grace :

O make me in thy likeness shine !

2 With fraudless, even, humble mind,
Thy will in all things may I see !
In love be every wish resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee.

3 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various currents flow ;
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won ;
Alone thou hast the wine-press trod ;
In me thy strength'ning grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood !

6 So when on Sion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's hosts adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing.

HYMN CCLII. *Athlone.*

1 JESU, the weary wand'rers' rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

2 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill,
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

3 Be thou, O Rock of ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;

And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before a mid-day sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, " Peace ;"
Say to my troubled heart, " Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortrefs is,
For all things serve thy sov'reign will.

5 O death ! where is thy sting ? where now
Thy boasted victory, O grave ?
Who shall contend with God ? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save ?

H Y M N CCLIII. *Athlone.*

For Believers groaning for full Redemption,

1 O G O D most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
Establish with me the cov'nant new,
And write perfection on my heart.

2 To real holiness restor'd,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind ;
And in the knowledge of my Lord
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget ;
But sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous grace,
I shall not in thy presence move ;
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then ev'ry murmuring thought, and vain,
Expires, in sweet confusion lost :
I cannot of my croſs complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
 My mouth as in the dust I hide,
 And glory give to God alone,
 My God, for ever pacify'd !

H Y M N CCLIV. *Invitation.*

For Believers brought to the Birth.

1 O GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd
 The helpless all for succour came ;
 The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,
 And found salvation in thy name.

2 With publicans and harlots I,
 In these thy Spirit's gospel-days,
 To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,
 And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distress'd,
 Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;
 Weary I come to thee for rest,
 And sick of sin, implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease,
 Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal :
 Inspire me with thy pow'r and peace,
 And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,
 Can turn my heart and make it clean,
 Purge the foul, inbred leprosy,
 And save me from my bosom-sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe,
 Thou canst the saving grace impart ;
 Thou canst this instant now forgive,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
 I know thou canst this moment cleanse ;

The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.

Be it according to thy word!

Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul to health restor'd,
Devote its little all to thee!

H Y M N CCLV. *Welling.*

JESU, thy far-extended fame
My drooping souls exults to hear:
Thy name, thy all-restoring name,
Is music in a sinner's ear.

Sinners of old thou didst receive
With comfortable words and kind;
Their sorrows cheer, their wants relieve,
Heal the diseas'd and cure the blind.

And art thou not the Saviour still,
In ev'ry place and age the same?
Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill,
Or lost the virtue of thy name?

Faith in thy changeless name I have;
The good, the kind physician, thou
Art able now our souls to save,
Art willing to restore them now.

Though seventeen hundred years are past
Since thou didst in the flesh appear,
Thy tender mercies ever last,
And still thy healing pow'r is here.

Wouldst thou the body's health restor's,
And not regard the sin-sick soul?
The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,
And surely thou shalt make it whole.

7 All my disease, my ev'ry sin,
 To thee, O Jesu, I confess :
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,
 And perfect me in holiness.

8 That token of thy utmost good,
 Now, Saviour, now on me bestow ;
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,
 And wash my nature white as snow.

H Y M N CCLVI. *Musician's.**For the Society Praying.*

1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
 The best-concerted schemes are vain,
 And never can succeed ;
 We spend our wretched strength for nought ;
 But if our works in thee are wrought,
 They shall be blest indeed.

2 Lord, if thou didst thyself inspire
 Our souls with this intense desire,
 Thy goodness to proclaim ;
 Thy glory if we now intend,
 O let our deed begin and end
 Complete in Jesu's name !

3 In Jesu's name behold we meet,
 Far from an evil world retreat,
 And all its frantic ways ;
 One only thing resolv'd to know,
 And square our useful lives below
 By reason and by grace.

4 Not in the tombs we pine to dwell,
 Not in the dark monastic cell,
 By vows and grates confin'd :

Freely to all ourselves we give,
Constrain'd by Jesu's love to live
The servants of mankind.

5 Now, Jesu, now thy love impart,
To govern each devoted heart,
And fit us for thy will !
Deep founded in the truth of grace,
Build up thy rising church, and place
The city on the hill.

6 O let our love and faith abound !
O let our lives to all around
With purest lustre shine !
That all around our works may see,
And give the glory, Lord, to thee,
The heavenly light divine !

H Y M N CCLVII. Worcester.

A Pastoral Hymn.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
That bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

2 How charming is their voice,
So sweet the tidings are !
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
 But dy'd without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let ev'ry nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N CCLVIII. St. Paul's.

1 **L** OVERS of pleasure more than God,
 For you he suffer'd pain ;
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood ;
 And shall he bleed in vain ?

2 Misers, his life for you he paid,
 Your basest crimes he bore ;
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid,
 That you might sin no more.

3 The God of love, to earth he came,
 That you might come to heaven ;
 Believe, believe in Jesu's name,
 And all your sins forgiven.

Believe in him that dy'd for thee :
 And sure as he hath died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.

H Y M N CCLIX. *Handel's March*

HARK ! how the watchmen cry :
 Attend the trumpet's sound ;
 Stand to your arms ! the foe is nigh !
 The powers of hell surround :
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare ;
 The day of battle is at hand !
 Go forth to glorious war !

See on the mountain-top
 The standard of our God !
 In Jesu's name I lift it up,
 All stain'd with hallow'd blood :
 His standard-bearer I
 To all the nations call :
 Let all to Jesu's cross draw nigh !
 He bore the cross for all.

Go up with Christ your Head,
 Your Captain's footsteps see :
 Follow your Captain and be led
 To certain victory.
 All power to him is given :
 He ever reigns the same :
 Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
 Are all in Jesu's name.

4 Only have faith in God :
 In faith your foes assail :
 Not wrestling against flesh and blood,
 But all the powers of hell :
 From thrones of glory driven,
 By flaming vengeance hurl'd,
 They throng the air and darken heaven,
 And rule the lower world.

HYMN CCLX. *Cary's.*

1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant
 eye,
 Who load us with reproach and shame :
 As servants of the Lord most high,
 As zealous for his glorious name,
 We ought in all his paths to move
 With holy fear and humble love.

2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
 From every evil to depart,
 To stop the mouth of every foe :
 While, upright both in life and heart,
 The proof of godly fear we give,
 And shew them how the Christians live.

HYMN CCLXI. *Musician's.*

For Believers brought to the Birth.

1 O Glorious hope of perfect love !
 It lifts me up to things above !
 It bears on eagles' wings ;

It gives my ravish'd soul to taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those that basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen ;
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart is there,
And my abiding home ;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come !

I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,
I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest ;
Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast !

HYMN CCLXII. *Dedication.*

1 **W**HY not now, my God, my God !
 Ready if thou always art,
 Make in me thy mean abode,
 Take possession of my heart ;
 If thou canst so greatly bow,
 Friend of sinners, why not now ?

2 God of love in this my day
 For thyself to thee I cry ;
 Dying, if thou still delay
 Must I not for ever die ?
 Enter now thy poorest home :
 Now, my utmost Saviour, come.

HYMN CCLXIII. *Hamilton's.*

1 **N**OW, even now, I yield, I yield,
 With all my sins to part ;
 Jesus, speak my pardon seal'd,
 And purify my heart !
 Purge the love of sin away,
 Then I into nothing fall :
 Then I see the perfect day ;
 And Christ is all in all.

2 Jesu, now our hearts inspire
 With that pure love of thine ;
 Kindle now the heavenly fire
 To brighten and refine :
 Purify our faith like gold :
 All the dross of sin remove ;
 Melt our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

HYMN CCLXIV. *Angel-Song.**For Believers Interceding.*

PART THE FIRST.

FAITHER, if justly still we claim
 To us and ours the promise made,
 To us be graciously the same,
 And crown with living fire our head.

1 Our claim admit, and from above
 Of holiness the spirit shower,
 Of wise discernment, humble love,
 And zeal, and unity, and power.

2 The spirit of convincing speech,
 Of power demonstrative impart :
 Such as may every conscience reach,
 And sound the unbelieving heart :

4 The spirit of refining fire,
 Searching the inmost of the mind,
 To purge all fierce and foul desire,
 And kindle life more pure and kind :

5 The spirit of faith in this thy day,
 To break the power of cancell'd sin,
 Tread down its strength, o'erturn its sway,
 And still the conquest more than win.

6 The spirit breathe of inward life,
 Which in our hearts thy laws may write :
 Then grief expires, and pain, and strife :
 'Tis nature all, and all delight.

HYMN CCLXV. *Angel-Song.*

PART THE SECOND.

1 **O**N all the earth thy Spirit shower,
The earth in righteousness renew :
Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpower,
And to thy sceptre all subdue.

2 Like mighty winds or torrents fierce,
Let it opposers all o'erturn ;
And every law of sin reverse,
That faith and love may make all one.

3 Yea, let thy Spirit in every place
Its richest energy declare :
While lovely tempers, fruits of grace,
The kingdom of thy Christ prepare.

4 Grant this, O holy God, and true ;
The ancient seers thou didst inspire !
To us perform the promise due,
Descend and crown us now with fire !

HYMN CCLXVI. *Aldrich.*

For the Society Praying.

1 **C**OME, thou omniscient Son of man,
Display thy sifting pow'r,
Come with thy winnowing Spirit's fan,
And throughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, the accursed thing,
 Far from our souls be driven :
 The wheat into thy garner bring,
 And lay us up for heaven.

3 Look through us with thy eyes of flame,
 The clouds and darkness chase :
 And tell me what by sin I am,
 And what I am by grace.

4 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove ;
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.

5 Then let us all thy fulness know,
 From every sin set free ;
 Sav'd, to the utmost sav'd below,
 And perfectly like thee.

H Y M N CCLXVII. *Fetter-Lane.*

For the Society Parting.

1 G OD of all consolation, take
 The glory of thy grace !
 Thy gifts to thee we render back
 In ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Thro' thee we now together came
 In singleness of heart :
 We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
 And in thy name we part.

3 We part in body, not in mind :
 Our minds continue one ;
And each to each in Jesus join'd,
 We hand in hand go on.

4 Subsist as in us all one soul ;
 No power can make us twain ;
And mountains rise and oceans roll,
 To sever us, in vain.

5 Present we still in spirit are,
 And intimately nigh,
While on the wings of faith and prayer
 We each to other fly.

6 In Jesus Christ together we
 In heavenly places sit :
Cloath'd with the sun, we smile to see
 The moon beneath our feet.

7 Our life is hid with Christ in God :
 Our life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
 On all his members here.

8 The heavenly treasure now we have
 In a vile house of clay ;
But he shall to the utmost save,
 And keep it to that day.

9 Our souls are in his mighty hand,
 And he shall keep them still ;
And you and I shall surely stand
 With him on Sion's hill !

10 Him eye to eye we there shall see ;
 Our face like his shall shine ;
 O what a glorious company,
 When saints and angels join !

11 O what a joyful meeting there !
 In robes of white array'd,
 Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
 And crowns upon our head.

12 Then let us lawfully contend,
 And fight our passage through :
 Bear in our faithful minds the end,
 And keep the prize in view.

13 Then let us hasten to the day,
 When all shall be brought home !
 Come, O Redeemer, come away !
 O Jesus, quickly come !

H Y M N CCLXVIII. *Lamp's,*

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,
 To different climes repair ;
 Inseparably join'd in heart
 The friends of Jesus are !

2 Jesus the corner-stone
 Did first our hearts unite !
 And still he keeps our spirits one,
 Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed
 In Jesu's work below ;

And following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his labourers lies ;
And lo ! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies !

5 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end !

6 Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain !
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

7 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet ;
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.

8 The church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, return
To our eternal rest.

9 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

10 Abraham and Isaac there,
And Jacob shall receive
The followers of their faith and prayer,
Who now in bodies live.

1 We shall our time beneath
 Live out in cheerful hope,
 And fearless pass the vale of death,
 And gain the mountain-top.

2 To gather home his own,
 God shall his angels send,
 And bid our bliss on earth begun,
 In deathless triumphs end.



CONSOLATION.

HYMN CCLXIX. L. M.

C OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,
 Comfort the people of your Lord,
 O lift ye up the fallen race,
 And cheer them by the gospel-word.
 Go, into every nation go,
 Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
 Glad tidings unto all we show ;
 Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,
 A voice that loudly calls, Prepare !
 Prepare your hearts for God is nigh,
 And means to make his entrance there.
 The Lord your God shall quickly come :
 Sinners repent, the call obey :
 Open your hearts to make him room,
 Ye desert souls, prepare his way.
 The Lord shall clear his way thro' all :
 Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;
 The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,
 Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

6 The glory of the Lord display'd,
 Together all mankind shall view:
 And what his mouth in truth hath said,
 His own almighty hand shall do.

HYMN CCLXX. L. M.

1 **H**IGH on his everlasting throne
 The King of saints his works surveys,
 Marks the dear souls he calls his own,
 And smiles on the peculiar race.

2 He rests well pleas'd their toils to see,
 Beneath his easy yoke they move,
 With all their heart and strength agree
 In the sweet labour of his love.

3 See where the servants of their God,
 A busy multitude appear,
 For Jesus day and night employ'd,
 His heritage they toil to clear.

4 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,
 And strengthens their unwearied hands,
 They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,
 To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

5 Jesus their toil delighted sees,
 Their industry vouchsafes to crown,
 He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
 And sends the promis'd blessing down.

6 The sap of life, the Spirit's powers,
 He rains incessant from above,
 He all his gracious fulness showers,
 To perfect their great work of love.

O multiply thy sowers' seed,
 And fruit we every hour shall bear,
 Throughout the world thy gospel spread,
 Thine everlasting truth declare :

We all in perfect love renew'd
 Shall know the greatness of thy pow'r,
 Stand in the temple of our God
 As pillars, and go out no more.

HYMN CCLXXI. C. M.

O THAT I was as heretofore,
 When warm in my first love !
 I only liv'd my God t' adore,
 And seek the things above.

Upon my head his candle shone,
 And lavish of his grace,
 With cords of love he drew me on,
 And half unveil'd his face.

Butter and honey did I eat,
 And lifted up on high,
 I saw the clouds beneath my feet,
 And rode upon the sky.

Far, far above all earthly things
 Triumphant I rode ;
 I soar'd to heav'n on eagles' wings,
 And found and talk'd with God.

Where am I now, from what an height
 Of happiness cast down !
 The glory swallow'd up in night,
 And faded is the crown.

6 O God, thou art my home, my rest,
 For which I sigh in pain,
 How shall I 'scape into thy breast,
 My Eden now regain ?

H Y M N CCLXXII.

1 **S**AVIOUR from sin, I wait to prove
 That Jesus is thy healing name,
 To lose, when perfected in love,
 Whate'er I have, or can, or am ;
 I stay me on thy faithful word,
 The servant shall be as his Lord.

2 Answer that gracious end in me,
 For which thy precious life was given,
 Redeem from all iniquity,
 Restore and make me meet for heaven,
 Unless thou purge my every stain,
 Thy suffering and my faith are vain.

3 'Tis not a bare release from sin,
 Its guilt and pain, my soul requires,
 I want a spirit of power within ;
 Thee, Jesus, thee my heart desires,
 And pants, and breaks to be renew'd,
 And wash'd in thine all-cleansing blood.

4 Didst thou not die that I might live
 No longer to myself, but thee ?
 Might body, soul, and spirit give
 To him who gave himself for me ?
 Come then, my Master, and my God,
 Take the dear purchase of thy blood.

5 Thine own peculiar servant claim,
 For thine own truth and mercy's sake,
 Hallow in me thy glorious name,
 Me for thine own this moment take.

And change and thoroughly purify ;
Thine only may I live and die.

HYMN CCLXXIII. C. M.

Morning Hymn.

1 GIVER and Guardian of my sleep,
To praise thy name I wake,
Still, Lord, thy helpless servant keep,
For thine own mercy's sake.

2 The blessing of another day
I thankfully receive ;
O may I only thee obey,
And to thy glory live.

3 Vouchsafe to keep my soul from sin,
Its cruel power suspend,
Till all this strife and war within
In perfect peace shall end.

4 Upon me lay thy mighty hand,
My words and thoughts restrain,
Bow my whole soul to thy command,
Nor let my faith be vain.

5 Prisoner of hope, I wait the hour
Which shall salvation bring,
When all I am shall own thy power,
And call my Jesus, King.

HYMN CCLXXIV. L. M.

1 A WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down,
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes,

Arise and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliverer calls, Arise !

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like your Lord : his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

H Y M N CCLXXV.

1 COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I own but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 In vain thou struggelest to get free,
I never will unloose my hold :
Art thou the man who dy'd for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold ;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

3 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong.

And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

4 Yield to me now,—for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;

Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be love.

5 'Tis love, 'tis love! Thou dy'dst for me,
I hear thy whisper in my heart,
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove,
Thy nature and thy name is love.

H Y M N CCLXXVI.

1 **O** FT have we pass'd the guilty night
In revellings and frantic mirth,
The creature was our sole delight,
Our happiness the things of earth;
But O, suffice the season past,
We choose the better part at last.

2 We will not close our wakeful eyes,
We will not let our eye-lids sleep,
But humbly lift them to the skies,
And all a solemn vigil keep;
So many nights on sin bestow'd,
Can we not watch one hour for God?

3 We can, dear Jesus, for thy sake,
 Devote our every hour to thee ;
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
 And sing with cheerful melody ;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And every heart shall dance for joy.

4 Dear object of our faith and love,
 We listen for thy welcome voice,
 Our persons and our works approve,
 And bid us in thy strength rejoice,
 Now let us hear the mighty cry,
 And shout to find the bridegroom nigh.

5 Shout in the midst of us, O King
 Of saints, and let our joys abound,
 Let us rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph in redemption found :
 We ask in faith for every soul ;
 O let our glorious joy be full.

6 O may we all triumphant rise,
 With joy upon our heads return,
 And far above these nether skies,
 By thee on eagle's wings upborne,
 Through all yon radiant circle move,
 And gain the highest heaven of love.

H Y M N CCLXXVII. C. M.

1 **O** H for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame ;
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne ;
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN CCLXXVIII. L. M.

1 **A**N inward baptism of pure fire,
 Wherewith to be baptiz'd I have ;
 'Tis all my longing soul's desire,
 This, only this my soul can save.

2 Straight'ned I am, till this be done ;
 Kindle in me the living flame ;
 Father, in me reveal thy Son :
 Baptize me into Jesu's name.

3 Transform my nature into thine,
 Let all my powers thine impress feel,
 Let all my soul become divine,
 And stamp me with thy Spirit's seal.

4 Love, mighty love, my heart o'erpow'r,
 Ah ! why dost thou so long delay ?
 Cut short the work, bring near the hour,
 And let me see thy perfect day.

5 Behold, for thee I ever wait,
 Now let me in thy image shine,
 Now the new heavens and earth create,
 And plant with righteousness divine.

6 If with the wretched sons of men
 It still be thy delight to live,
 Come, Lord, beget my soul again,
 Thyself, thy quick'ning Spirit give.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. C. M.

FOUNTAIN of life, to all below,
 Let thy salvation roll :
 Water, replenish, and o'erflow
 Every believing soul.

2 Into that happy number, Lord,
 Us weary sinners take,
 Jesus, fulfil thy gracious word,
 For thine own mercy's sake.

3 Turn back our nature's rapid tide,
 And we shall flow to thee,
 While down the stream of time we glide
 To our eternity.

4 The well of life to us thou art,
 Of joy the swelling flood,
 Wasted by thee, with willing heart
 We swift return to God.

5 We soon shall reach the boundless sea,
 Into thy fulness fall,
 Be lost and swallow'd up in thee,
 Our God, our All in All.

H Y M N CCLXXX. L. M.

O THOU, whom all thy saints adore,
 We now with all thy saints agree,
 And bow our inmost souls before
 Thy glorious, awful Majesty.

2 The King of nations we proclaim,
 Who would not our great Sovereign fear?
 We long t' experience all thy name,
 And now we come to meet thee here.

3 We come, great God, to seek thy face,
 And for thy loving kindness wait;
 And O how dreadful is this place!
 'Tis God's own house, 'tis heaven's gate.

4 Tremble our hearts to find thee nigh,
 To thee our trembling hearts aspire:
 And lo! we see descend from high
 The pillar and the flame of fire.

5 Still let it on th' assembly stay,
 And all the house with glory fill:
 To Canaan's bounds point out the way,
 And bring us to the holy hill.

6 There let us all with Jesus stand,
 And join the general church above,
 And take our seats at thy right hand,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

7 Come, Lord, our souls are on the wing,
 Now on thy great white throne appear,
 And let my eyes behold my King,
 And let me see my Saviour there.

HYMN CCLXXXI. L. M.

1 SAY, which of you would see the Lord?
 You all may now obtain the grace,
 Behold him in the written word,
 Where John unveils the Saviour's face.

- 2 Clear as the trumpet's voice he speaks
To every soul that turns his ear ;
Amidst the golden candlesticks
He walks : and lo ! he now is here.
- 3 Present to all believing souls,
They see him with an eagle's eye ;
Down to his feet a garment rolls,
Stain'd with a gloriuous crimson dye.
- 4 A golden girdle binds his breast,
(Whence streams of consolation flow,
Milk for his new-born babes, who rest
In him, nor other comfort know.)
- 5 His form is as the Son of Man,
His eyes are as a flame of fire ;
They dart a sin-consuming pain,
And life and joy divine inspire.
- 6 His spotless purity of soul,
We by a lovely emblem know,
His head and hair are white as wool,
White are they as the driven snow.
- 7 Glitter his feet like polish'd brass
That long hath in the furnace shone,
Brighter than lightning is his face,
Brighter than the meridian sun.
- 8 As many waters sounds his word,
Seven stars he holds in his right hand,
Out of his mouth a two-edg'd sword
Goes forth : before it who can stand ?
- 9 Lord, at thy feet we fall as dead,
Lay thy right hand upon our soul,
Scatter our fears, thy Spirit shed,
And all our unbelief controul.

10 Tell us, "I am the First and Last,
 " Who liv'd and dy'd for all, am I !
 " And lo ! my bitter death is past,
 " And lo ! I live no more to die :

11 "I have the keys of death and hell."
 Amen ! thy record we receive,
 And wait till thou our spirits seal,
 And all in all for ever live.

H Y M N CCLXXXII. L. M.

1 D R A W near, O Son of God, draw near,
 Us with thy flaming eye behold,
 Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,
 And let our candlestick be gold.

2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,
 And let them in thy lustre glow,
 The lights of a benighted land,
 The angels of thy church below.

3 Make good their apostolic boast,
 Their high commission let them prove,
 Be temples of the Holy Ghost,
 And fill'd with faith and hope and love.

4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,
 Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear,
 Fix their affections all above,
 And lay up all their treasure there.

5 Give them an ear to hear thy word ;
 Thou speakest to the churches now :
 And let all tongues confess their Lord,
 Let every knee to Jesus bow.

H Y M N CCLXXXIII.

1 **I**N boundless mercy, gracious Lord, appear,
Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty
heart;
Cause every soul to choose the better part.

2 Thy presence fills the universal space;
Thy grace appears to all the fallen race.
O visit us with light and life divine,
Fill every soul, for every soul is thine.

3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love;
He is my King, from him I would not move;
Away then all ye objects that divert,
Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.

4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd;
His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd,
And left no room for any other guest.

H Y M N CCLXXXIV. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within:

And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by Sov'reign love.

H Y M N CCLXXXV. *Boston.*

Christmas Hymn.

1 " S HEPHERDS rejoice, lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away,
" News from the regions of the skies—
" Salvation's born to-day.

2 " Jesu the God whom angels fear,
" Comes down to dwell with you ;
" To-day he makes his entrance here,
" But not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
" Nor royal shining things ;
" A manger for his cradle stands,
" And holds the King of kings.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
" And see his humble throne :
" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
" Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

A a

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around
 The heavenly armies throng ;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :

6 " Glory to God that reigns above,
 " Let peace surround the earth ;
 " Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 " At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord ! and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?
 O may we lose these uselefs tongues
 When we forget to praise !

8 Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn,
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.



BAPTISM.

HYMN CCLXXXVI. C. M.

1 C ELESTIAL Dove, descend from high,
 And on the water brood :
 Come, with thy quick'ning pow'r apply
 The water and the blood.

2 Almighty God, for thee we call,
 And our request renew :
 Accept in Christ, and blefs withal
 The work we have to do.

HYMN CCLXXXVII. S. M.

1 CALL'D from above, I rise
 And wash away my sin,
 The stream to which my spirit flies
 Can make the foulest clean,

2 It runs divinely clear,
 A fountain deep and wide ;
 'Twas open'd by the soldier's spear,
 In my Redeemer's side !

HYMN CCLXXXVIII. L. M.

1 COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Honour the means ordain'd by thee !
 Make good our apostolic boast,
 And own thy glorious ministry.

2 Father, in these reveal thy Son :
 In these for whom we seek thy face,
 The hidden mystery make known,
 The inward, pure, baptizing grace.

3 Jesus, with us thou always art :
 Effect'ate now the sacred sign :
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And bless the ordinance divine.

4 Eternal Spirit, descend from high,
 Baptizer of our spirits, thou !
 The sacramental seal apply,
 And witness with the water now !

CLASS-MEETING.

HYMN CCLXXXIX.

1 **A**LL thanks to the Lamb who gives us
to meet :
His love we proclaim, his praises repeat :
We own him our Jesus, continually near,
To pardon, and bless us, and perfect us here.

2 In him we have peace, in him we have pow'r,
Preserv'd by his grace throughout the dark
hour :
In all our temptation, he keeps us to prove
His utmost salvation, his fulness of love.

3 Pronounce the glad word, and bid us be free ;
Ah ! hast thou not, Lord, a blessing for me ?
The peace thou hast given this moment impart,
And open thy heaven, O Love, in my heart !

HYMN CCXC. C. M.

1 **S**EE, Jesu, thy disciples, see,
The promis'd blessing give !
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.

2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd :
We wait according to thy word,
Thee in the midst to find.

3 Whom now we seek, O may we meet !
Jesus, the crucify'd,
Shew us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast dy'd.

HYMN CCXCI.

1 **A** PPOINTED by thee, we meet in thy name,
And meekly agree to follow the Lamb,
To trace thy example, the world to disdain,
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

2 O Jesus appear ! no longer delay,
To sanctify here, and bear us away ;
The end of our meeting on earth let us see,
Triumphantly fitting in glory with thee !

HYMN CCXCII. L. M.

Funeral.

1 **T**HANKS be to God whose faithful love
Hath call'd another to his breast,
Translated him to joys above,
To mansions of eternal rest.

2 He the good fight of faith hath won,
He heard with joy the welcome word ;
“ Hither come up (thy work is done)
“ And reign for ever with thy Lord.”

3 By ministerial spirits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,
He rests in Abraham's bosom laid,
He lives with God, no more to die.

4 Thanks be to God, through Christ alone,
Who gave our friend the victory,
O Master, say to me, “ Well done ! ”
May I rejoice to die in thee,

HYMN CCXCIII.

1. **Y**E simple souls, that stray
Far from the path of peace,
That unfrequented way
To life and happiness—
How long will ye your folly love,
And throng the downward road,
And hate the wisdom from above,
And mock the sons of God?

2. Madness and misery
Ye count our life beneath,
And nothing great can see,
Or glorious in our death!
As born to suffer and to grieve,
Beneath your feet we lie,
And utterly contemn'd we live,
And unlamented die.

3. Poor, pensive sojourners,
O'erwhelm'd with grief and woes,
Perplex'd with needless fears,
And pleasure's mortal foes:
More irksome than a gaping tomb,
Our sight ye cannot bear,
Wrapt in the melancholy gloom
Of fanciful despair.

4. So wretched and obscure,
The men whom ye despise,
So foolish, weak, and poor,
Above your scorn we rise:
Our conscience in the Holy Ghost
Can witness better things;
For he, whose blood is all our boast,
Hath made us priests and kings.

5 Riches unsearchable

In Jesu's love we know,
 And pleasures from the well
 Of life, our souls o'erflow ;
 From him the spirit we receive,
 Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r,
 And always sorrowful we live,
 Rejoicing evermore.

6 Angels our servants are,

And keep in all our ways,
 And in their hands they bear
 The sacred sons of grace ;
 Our guardians to that heavenly bliss,
 They all our steps attend ;
 And God himself our Father is,
 And Jesus is our friend.

7 With him we walk in white,

We in his image shine,
 Our robes are robes of light,
 Our righteousness divine :
 On all the grov'ling kings of earth,
 With pity we look down,
 And claim in virtue of our birth,
 A never-fading crown.

HYMN CCXCIV.

HARK! how the gospel-trumpet sounds!
 Thro' all the earth the echo bounds!
 And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
 Is bringing sinners back to God ;
 And guides them safely by his word
 To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord !
 Be thou by all thy works ador'd,
 Who undertook for sinful man,
 And brought salvation through thy name,
 That we with thee may ever reign
 In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conqu'ring souls fight on,
 And when the conquest you have won,
 The palms of vict'ry you shall bear,
 And in his kingdom have a share,
 And crowns of glory ever wear
 In endless day.

4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
 And saints and angels all combine,
 To sing of his redeeming love,
 When rolling years shall cease to move,
 And this shall be our theme above,
 In endless day.

H Y M N CCXCV. C. M.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me :
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.

2 Thy love I soon expect to find
 In all its depth and height,
 To comprehend the Eternal Mind,
 And grasp the infinite.

3 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possess'd,
 I taste-unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

HYMN CCXCVI. S. M.

1 FATHER, I dare believe
 Thee merciful and true ;
 Thou wilt my guilty soul forgive,
 My fallen soul renew.

2 Come then for Jesu's sake,
 And bid my heart be clean ;
 An end of all my troubles make,
 An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,
 But by believing thee :
 And waiting for thy blood t' impart
 The spotless purity.

4 While at thy cross I lie,
 Jesu, the grace bestow :
 Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,
 And I am white as snow.

HYMN CCXCVII. C. M.

1 I ASK the gift of right'ousness,
 The sin-subduing pow'r ;
 Pow'r to believe, and go in peace,
 And never grieve thee more.

2 My veh'ment soul cries out oppress'd,
 Impatient to be freed !
 Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest,
 Till I am fav'd indeed.

3 Art thou not able to convert ?
 Art thou not willing too ?
 To change this old, rebellious heart,
 To conquer and renew ?

H Y M N CCXCVIII.

1 **W**hile shepherds watch'd their flocks by
 All seated on the ground, [night
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

2 “Fear not,” said he (for mighty dread
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind ;)
 “Glad tidings of great joy I bring
 “To you and all mankind.

3 “To you in David's town this day
 “Is born of David's line,
 “The Saviour who is Christ the Lord ;
 “And this shall be the sign ;

4 “The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 “To human view display'd,
 “All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 “And in a manger laid.”

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God on high,
 Address'd their joyful song :

6 “All glory be to God on high,
 “And to the earth be peace ;
 “Good-will henceforth, from heav'n to men,
 “Begin and never cease.”

H Y M N CCXCIX.

1 **L**OVING Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hands I am,
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.

I shall then shew forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days :
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the holy child, in me.

H Y M N CCC.

O T H O U, who comest from above !
 The pure celestial fire t' impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love,
 On the mean altar of my heart !

There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze,
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble love and fervent praise.

Jesu, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee ;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me :

Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat ;
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.

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Joseph etrau
Joseph

